27 April 1979 3[illegible] USA $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

GOOD AS GOLD
An extract from
Joseph Heller's new novel

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Who is this woman

The life & times of Margaret Thatcher

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New polling evidence: how the voters are changing

Whatever happens

SO, THE STOCKS are sold, the press is squared, the middle class is quite prepared. All indicators point towards a victory, perhaps even a convincing victory, for the most rancid Conservative programme since the war. On other pages we show that, to the extent to which this outcome is likely, it owes itself to the defection of the working class from Labour. And not once, in the entire campaign to date, has a single senior Labour spokesman offered any hope of a change of heart in the future. The more they attack the Tory future, the more they draw attention to their own lack of any perspective.

The emptiness of the campaign, indeed, has been its most striking non-feature. Both major party leaderships apparently regard it as a triumph of some sort if the 'tempo' is 'low key'. Low key it may have been – low rent it certainly is. On taxation; a piece of rank dishonesty from Thatcher and Howe answered by a shamefaced silence from the government. On Ulster; smug silence all round. On unemployment; smug silence all round. On civil liberty and racial and sexual equality; smug silence all round. On Rhodesia, the greatest remaining British responsibility; nothing from the government and a few terse Tory lines to the effect that they will try and bail out Ian Smith.

From the other contestants, representing Ulster Unionism and what is mysteriously called Liberalism, we hear nothing except the hope that the result will enable them to plunge into the smoke-filled rooms and strike a thieves' bargain of some sort. No wonder there are so many don't-knows; they must include more thoughtful and politically-minded people than ever before. And with Labour's party machine in such a sorry state of repair, there seems little chance of recuperating this lost constituency by polling day.

All the editorial staff of the NEW STATESMAN will be voting Labour on 3 May – even the one of us whom the government attempted to imprison for his journalistic activities – and many of us have been actively working for the party as well. To the most common question put by electors – 'what has Labour done for me?' (often rendered more pithily) – we have not, as the saying goes, got any easy answer. But we understand the importance of thwarting the plans which the Tories have for us all, and we understand the necessity of keeping the ranks of Labour and the Left together. This last job, in fact, has become the overridingly important one. The Callaghan years have extensively depoliticised the working class, and greatly demoralised the remnants of the radical intelligentsia. They have, in effect, been an ante-room in which Thatcher could incubate her policies.

This means that, even if a miracle should save the government, it would rest on the support of hesitant middle-class voters. We would be back in the same box again. Over the next period, reality will make its own impact on the policies of orthodoxy and monetarism, and will no doubt succeed in tempering them as it has before. But political action and political argument will also be needed. There still exist many healthy forces in the unions, in the universities and elsewhere, whose advice this government ignored and whose support it spurned. Whatever the outcome of the election, the need to regroup these forces and ideas will be paramount. In a contest between two versions of conservatism and two assurances about 'no change', we hold to William Blake's opinion that 'without contraries there is no progression'. The politics of drift and compromise have already cost enough even in 'realistic' terms.

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Yes, absolutely clear

Bruce Page writes: Last September, Christopher Hird and I had an interview with the Thomson supremo Gordon Brunton. The subject was the Times Newspapers dispute. He said: 'I want to make it absolutely clear that this is not about the new technology.' We were both fairly startled by this, and Hird asked: 'Does that mean that you would be prepared to settle the matter even if you didn't have a deal on new technology?' Brunton replied that in principle the company would do so.

Lately, spokesmen for Times Newspapers have implied that the chief obstacle to a settlement is the obstinacy of the National Graphical Association on the technology issue. Suggestions of this kind look a little odd in the context of Mr Brunton's categorical denial.

Whitehall unimpressed by Thatcher plans

Peter Stothard writes: A detailed Whitehall analysis of Conservative industrial policy gives the coldest comfort yet to the party's denationalisation lobby. The Tory manifesto disappointed diehard private-enterprisers by promising action on only shipbuilding, aerospace and the National Freight Corporation. Mandarins, however, monitor speeches and informal get-togethers as well as manifestoes. Their option papers for future Tory ministers cover the British National Oil Corporation, the Coal Board, the Post Office, British Gas right through to minnows like the Radio Chemical Centre and British Nuclear Fuels. The advice should hammer home the message into the thickest Tory ear that cuts in public expenditure and borrowing by the sale of profitable public assets are a once-and-for-all exercise – good for cooking the first year's books but bad for the long-term public interest.

At the top end of the option list is the £1.3 billion golden egg waiting to be ripped out of British Petroleum followed by the £0.75 billion of BNOC's assets in the North Sea – most of which the oil companies would be more than happy to take on at 'knock-down' prices. Looking further down the range of possibilities, the Coal Board could sell off its interests in overseas mines plus its chemical and brick-making operations which last year made profits of £7.5 million. British Rail could sell its hotels, The Atomic Energy Authority its Radio Chemical Centre and British Gas its showrooms. But it is made clear that these would together constitute a massive public expenditure loss in years to come.

The option of tampering with the Post Office monopoly of terminal equipment would also, it is warned, lead inevitably to increased import bills – a problem already causing concern in areas where the Post Office does not exercise its monopoly rights.

For senior civil servants the current exercise conjures up a weary sense of *déjà vu*. Many of the schemes, notably the hiving off of electricity and gas showrooms, were demanded and rejected by the Heath administration. A key Whitehall message, then as now, is that a Tory crusade to cut waste in the public sector is not best advanced by selling off the most profitable (and presumably the least profligate) elements.

Turning to the Tories' official manifesto pledges, the advice to ministers is that only Pickfords and other small subsidiaries of the National Freight Corporation are ripe for return to the private fold. As for British Aerospace it would be impossible to denationalise the civil side without either cutting off the albatross-like HS 146 and Airbus projects or transferring the same or even greater expenditure guarantees to the new owners. Since the military side of BAe would make little sense without the civil side, the only real candidate for a hive-off is the Dynamics Group, possibly worth about £100 million but the only part of BAe which is estimated to need no future call on public loans or dividend capital. The advice on shipbuilding is straight in line with last month's leaked Wass memorandum: the way of cutting public expenditure is by closing yards rather than selling them.

Although Tory spokesmen have been making great electoral play with the so-called 'BP solution' for British Airways, International Computers and Cable and Wireless, the sale of 49 per cent shareholdings gets Whitehall approval only in the case of Cable and Wireless where the public interest stretches little further than its annual dividend to the Government of about £5 million. A similar deal for British Airways is said to have been the subject of enthusiastic discussions between Tory leaders and the BA chairman, Sir Frank McFadzean; but civil servants see there only 'obscure benefits' as well as the problem of the necessary legislation.

Whitehall's surprisingly trenchant message to the Tories is that the selling-off of shares is the most absurdly expensive way of attempting to inject their cherished free-enterprise values into the public sector. Which investor, it asks, will buy British Airways' shares without some guarantee that the company will be allowed to run an independent pricing and investment policy? If such a guarantee is given, which investor will believe it? The Government will find itself having to pay twice over for private shareholders, once by giving them shares in the profits and secondly by paying for their scepticism of state pledges. So Whitehall will tell Mrs Thatcher that this factor alone 'virtually rules out' the introduction of private investment into the public sector. What will Mrs Thatcher be telling Whitehall?

The battle of Southall

John Thackara writes: Southall became a police-only town for over ten hours on Monday, in an operation of unprecedented scope and severity. 'I think we're in danger of pushing the police in a position of appearing to be the defenders of the National Front, and that really cannot be right.' So opines David Steel, who is right – as the diary of events on Monday shows.

3 pm The main body of demonstrators against the Front meeting, has been split in two, which raises tension. As the police hesitate on whether to allow them to join up again, a few Asian youths board a bus. Fighting breaks out, first on the top deck, then on the streets. Indian Workers' Association leader Vishnu Sharma is told by a police officer he has one minute to clear the youths off the streets. In thirty seconds mounted police charge the crowd and clear the four main roads at a distance of 500 yards in each direction.

Three hundred yards west along the High Street a regular pattern of police action and crowd reaction has set in. Suddenly, six blue transit vans of the Special Patrol Group drive from side streets into the

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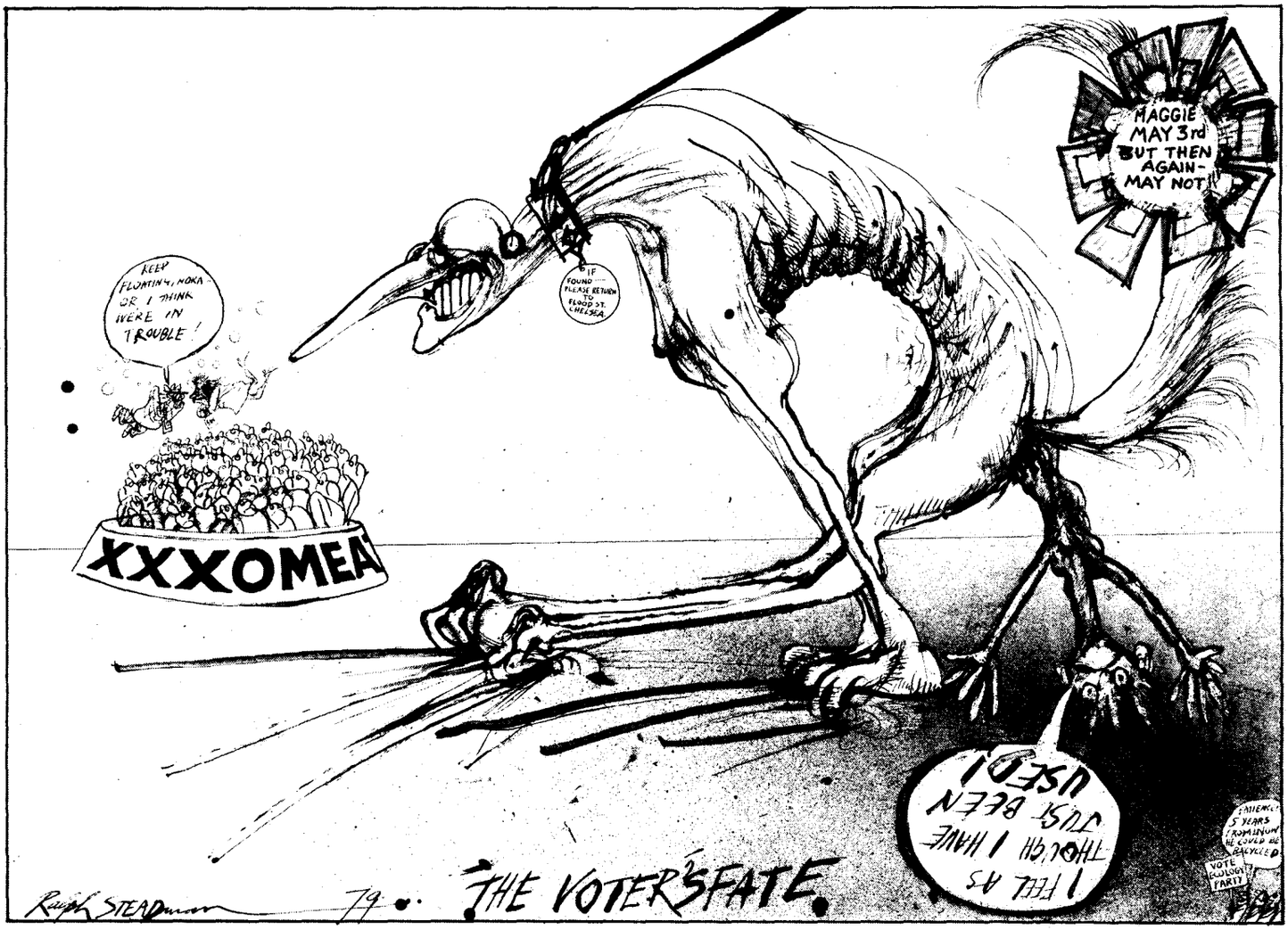
KEEP FLOATING, NOKA OR I THINK WERE IN TROUBLE!
IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO FLOOD ST. CHELSEA
MAGGIE MAY 3rd BUT THEN AGAIN- MAY NOT!!
XXXOMEA
I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE JUST BEEN USED!
5 YEARS FROM NOW WE COULD BE RECYCLED
VOTE LIBERAL PARTY
THE VOTER'S FATE.
Ralph STEADMAN 79

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crowd at speed. The specially trained SPG officers use their vans' momentum to dive into the ranks, arresting Asian youths apparently at random. Those arrested are banged against railings, signposts, trees.

7.30 pm Under fifty people are in the meeting: 35 are Front, four are Asian representatives, the rest are press.

10.30 pm Seven hours after the police occupation of Southall, activity round the back of the hall signals the Front's departure. Front leader Martin Webster's 1100 has one headlight out, but the 5,000 police present fail to spot this, and he is driven off.

The police operation has involved 143 police officers for every member of the Front imported into the town. The next day Margaret Thatcher, William Whitelaw and Jim Callaghan denounce outsiders for spoiling Southall's good race relations. How irresponsible for Blair Peach, a New Zealand immigrant, to go and kill himself on a police baton.

No exit for Jews

Francis Wheen writes: Leonid Brailovsky's 18th birthday, on 21 February this year, was not an occasion for much celebration. For on that date the young Soviet refusenik became eligible for conscription. He had a reprieve, since he is studying at an institute in Moscow — one of three where refusenik students are allowed — but time is now running out and, with it, his chance of leaving the Soviet Union to take up the place he has been offered to study mathematics at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In October this year his institute will have a compulsory course in military studies; if he takes the course, he will count as a security risk, and this will be used to justify continued refusal of permission to emigrate. If he refuses to take part, he will automatically become eligible for conscription — which will also classify him as a securtiy risk. Applicants have to wait for five to eight years after demobilisation before they can hope for a visa.

The Brailovsky family first applied for a visa in 1972. They were refused on the grounds that Leonid's mother, Irina, who worked as a computer scientist at Moscow University, had access to secret information — even though Rector Logunov, Irina's principal at the university, stated that this was quite untrue. Since the refusal Irina and her husband Victor, both Doctors of Science, have been dismissed from their jobs. They have been harassed by the KGB, partly because of Victor's role in organising weekly seminars to keep refusenik scientists up to date with scientific developments.

Harassment of young Leonid began in 1975, when he refused to join the Young Communist League. Because of this he was forced to leave his school and was refused a place at university. Since the middle of 1977 students at Oxford have been campaigning on Leonid's behalf, and motions to adopt Leonid have been passed in universities and polytechnics all over the country, including Bristol, Cardiff, Queen's University Belfast, the LSE and the New University of Ulster. Letters have been sent to OVIR, the emigration authority in Moscow, and to the Soviet Ambassador in London, urging the Soviet authorities to give Leonid permission to emigrate in accordance with the provisions of the Final Act of the Helsinki Agreement. So far there has been no response, but previous successful student campaigns on behalf of refuseniks provide hope that he may still get a visa before October.

The Soviet attitude towards Jews is strange. As Reuben Ainsztein documented in the NEW STATESMAN last year (15 December), anti-semitism is rapidly becoming institutionalised in the Soviet Union — yet the country's leaders seem desperate to hang on to the 'parasites'. The position was well summarised over 11 years ago in a letter sent by 26 Jewish intellectuals of Vilnius, Lithuania, to the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Lithuanian Communist Party:

> We face a paradoxical attitude. We are not wanted here, we are forcibly denationalised, oppressed and even publicly insulted in the press — and at the same time we are forcibly detained. As the Lithuanian proverb goes: 'He beats and cries with pain at the same time.'

BBC shuns Front

Tim Gopsill writes: With the National Front contesting more seats than ever before, the BBC has toughened its attitude to racist material on the air. In an internal memo this week to producers and journalists working on election programmes, the Director of News and Current Affairs, Dick Francis, has reminded them of the corporation's traditional stance of 'objectivity' towards parties contesting elections, but added the rider: 'Such objectivity does not imply neutrality with regard to the expression of views which might have racialist overtones.'

In the diffuse manner in which BBC policy-makers are given to handing down their decisions, this represents a significant shift, a return to the stern liberal values of Sir Hugh Greene – who, as Director-General, had always proclaimed a positive discrimination in favour of people and parties working to improve race relations.

This approach was reversed by Sir Hugh's successor, Sir Charles Curran, who ruled that the Front should get exactly the same treatment as all other parties. The minutes of the all-powerful ENCA group meeting of 3 December 1976, leaked to *The Leveller* last year, record that 'the BBC must not single out any party or ideology for special treatment on the basis of a value judgment: in that

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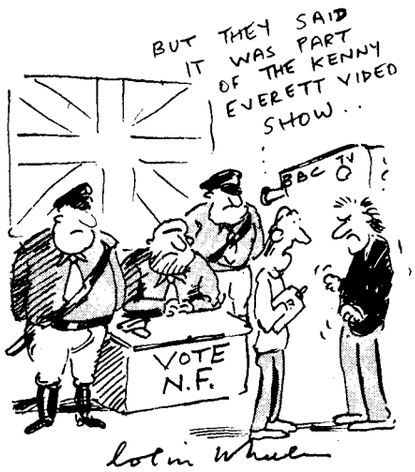

respect (the DG's) policy in relation to the National Front was different from that of his successor.' The ENCA (Editor, News and Current Affairs) meetings, now called DNCA meetings, are the weekly get-togethers of news department heads to review programmes and set general guidelines for coverage.

The BBC's line is a direct result of anti-racist pressure from BBC staff and their unions. BBC journalists maintain that official policy is only coming into line with what is already their standard practice: the corporation has endorsed the NUJ's guidelines on race reporting, and last week there was consultation between Francis and the union's broadcasting leaders before the memo was drawn up. The policy is also a result of BBC lawyers' studies of section 70 of the 1976 Race Relations Act, now applying in its first general election. Although there is debate among lawyers as to whether the ban on dissemination of material likely to cause racial hatred applies to TV studios (see Geoffrey Robertson, NS 12 April), the BBC has decided, voluntarily, that it does, for the purposes of this campaign.

Alarming news

Crispin Aubrey writes: Corruption scandals in Swansea have sent two successive council leaders to prison during the past three years. Now, the remarkable grass-roots newspaper which has ben excavating the dirt on what it calls the Swansea 'mafia' has decided to take its battle to the polling booths. On 3 May, in the local council elections which double-up with the General Election; there will be four candidates from a group called Alarm.

It takes its name from a roughly-printed six-page news-sheet called *Alarm*, which began largely as a chronicle of the corruptions of Labour rule in Swansea. Some 6,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled *The Swansea Mafia*, which outlined the careers of five leading citizens, dropped rather mysteriously through the city's letter-boxes in 1976. Just before that year's elections. Labour leader Gerald Murphy and housing manger Emrys Harris were found guilty of corruption and jailed, Murphy for two years. A makeshift Ratepayers coalition took over from the discredited Labour council – but *Alarm*'s persistent campaign in turn brought down this group. The group's leader, Sidney Jenkins, and a local night club owner recently received one year and nine months imprisonment respectively on corruption charges.

The paper has achieved a remarkably high circulation for a community paper – 5,000 copies weekly – and made a strong impact on the Swansea community, achieving both popularity and a reputation of accuracy in critical investigation that is not held by the local commercial evening paper or radio station. Much of the distribution is through regular sales in 100 pubs, which also provide feedback for subsequent investigations.

The campaign manifesto proposes abolition of the Mayor's office, a compulsory register of business interests, and proposals for shifting resources from rich to poor. The group hope to find solid support in the community by giving a political edge to previously journalistic activities. Labour once again hopes for a landslide victory in Swansea following the discrediting of the Ratepayers. But, win or lose, *Alarm*'s business of exposing South Wales political corruption is unlikely to be over.

AFRICA
David Caute

Smith's package gets damaged in transit

Zimbabwe waits for the worst

Salisbury

A VITAL INGREDIENT of any free election is the right to stay away from the polling stations. During the past two weeks the entire state machine of Rhodesia has been mobilised to deny this right to the black people of Zimbabwe. The internal agreement of 3 March 1978 and its elaborated constitution was submitted to a white referendum; it was never submitted to a black one.

A system which guarantees 4 per cent of the population 28 per cent of the parliamentary seats, and entrenches white control of the army, police and judiciary under the formula of 'majority rule' was offered to the blacks as a fait accompli. The only protest available to them, therefore, was to boycott the elections or spoil their ballot papers.

Fifteen teachers working at the Shabani mine school intended to do just that. One does not know their motives: perhaps their sympathies lay with either of the two banned parties, Joshua Nkomo's ZAPU or Robert Mugabe's ZANU, about 900 of whose local leaders are currently held in detention without trial. Perhaps they objected to the banning last year, over the signature of Bishop Abel Muzorewa, of the *Zimbabwe Times*, a paper which was advising its 80,000 purchasers of the advisability of an all-party conference. Perhaps they simply rebelled against a stifling climate of orthodoxy whereby the political, administrative, military and economic machines have been harnessed to a single aim: to bring the people, by hook or crook, to the polling stations.

Whatever their motives, the fifteen teachers soon discovered the personal implication of a free election in Rhodesia when they received a letter:

> Direction to perform duties as a polling officer.
>
> In terms of the powers delegated to me by the chairman of the election directorate in terms of Section 5 of the Emergency Power (Election) Regulations, 1979 . . . I, Ernest Ivan Hapelt, being the District Commissioner, Shabanin, hereby direct Mr — to perform the duties of a polling officer, between the dates of 12/4/79 and 24/4/79.
>
> Failure to comply with this direction will be an offence and will render you liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months, or to both . . .

The teachers declined to conform. They were arrested, released on bail and now await trial at 8.30a.m. on 26 April Shabani magistrate's court. Needless to add (perhaps), as black they were never consulted about the laws under which they now face prosecution. Nor is this an isolated case – of another group of teachers who refused to collaborate, all but one went into hiding or fled the country.

THE WHITE ESTABLISHMENT and the internal black parties are offering the 64 per cent turnout to the world as a triumphant democratic vindication of the internal agreement, and as an unanswerable popular repudiation of the Patriotic Front. To understand the actual situation one must treat Rhodesia not as a single entity but as a complex mosaic of widely disparate geographical and economic realities.

Let us accept the official figure of 2.9 million voters out of a total population of about 6.8 million (the 3.8 per cent annual population expansion, the highest in Africa, makes this surprising 40-60 ratio just plausible). Of the 2.8 million black voters, about 33 per cent work in towns or in mines where almost all avenues of employment are controlled by whites or black supporters of Muzorewa and Sithole. These workers live nose-to-nose with the spectacle of massive unemployment and vast shanty towns of uprooted squatters. And the message was made very clear: vote – or else.

White housewives transported their domestic servants to special pre-voting seminars held in schools. On polling day they piled them into the back seats of their cars: 'This time, Benjamin, we all stand in the same queue, shoulder to shoulder, equal citizens of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. Super?'

Special election instruction squads were despatched, with the full collaboration of the employers, to the industrial and commercial enterprises. Taking no chances, the election directorate sent mobile booths to each factory: work stopped for an hour, while the employees filed out to record their votes.

Were they herded, were they threatened? According to the workers I spoke to, it wasn't as explicit as that. The fact that one would be seen not to be voting by one's employer was enough. More than twenty workers in different parts of the country told me they would have boycotted the election had they dared. How many ballot papers have been spoiled remains to be seen but the election directorate will no doubt blame it all on the illiterate natives' unfamiliarity with our western democratic procedures.

NEVERTHELESS it would be a serious mistake to explain the urban vote solely in terms of illegitimate pressure. People who attended the rallies leading up to the election, or witnessed the mood of good-humoured and celebratory euphoria outside the polling stations on the first day, must recognise a genuine upswell of popular enthusiasm. (They must also acknowledge that the election as a contest between the parties involved was scrupulously conducted. This aspect of the Smith-Muzorewa propaganda against the usual run of black African coups and rigged elections is virtually unanswerable.)

Why did people vote? For peace. To end

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the war. This response was universal from both Sithole and Muzorewa supporters. Indeed both parties conducted their campaign almost exclusively on their claim to be best placed to bring the guerrillas home. Were the people deceived? Almost certainly. But that is not the point: deception is an inherent part of the democratic process.

Of the 2.8 million black voters, about 24 per cent work on white farms. They were delivered to the polling stations like electoral livestock on tractors, carts and lorries.

Grinning humbly, and surrounded by armed white territorials, they made their marks and then dutifully returned to the fields and £20 a month. No problem, as one Karoi farmer in uniform put it to me, with a tanned smile.

About 57 per cent of the voters, then, went to the polls either registered post or out of authentic enthusiasm. (Urban women, in particular, are clearly keen on the bishop). But this left the regime with two thorns in its flesh: Matabeleland (accounting for some 15 per cent of the total electorate) and the Tribal Trust Lands (perhaps 43 per cent). The final figures indicate that the Patriotic Front held its own in both areas.

In Matabeleland the election was vitiated by the absence of the only leader universally trusted by the Ndebele, Joshua Nkomo. After hearing a diatribe by a special branch officer against 'terrorist sympathisers', visiting journalists toured four Bulawayo polling stations. Even though over one hundred ZAPU supporters had been arrested for encouraging people to spoil their ballot papers if coercion drove them to vote, it was clear at Tshabalala and Iminyuela townships that voting was confined mainly to expatriate Shonas. The local Ndebeles just were not there, apart from a handful canvassing for Chief Ndiweni's UNFP.

Two Ndebele girls explained that they feared cultural subjugation by the more numerous Shonas. Asked whether they would vote for a certain unnamable 'external terrorist leader', if given the opportunity, their eyes radiated external terrorism. There must be a way of slapping a D-notice on a girl's smile.

In the final count, Matabeleland North, which includes the large Shona element living in Bulawayo, registered only a 40 per cent turnout. In Matabeleland South, where the PF forces are strong, the Ndebele peasants decisively rejected the internal agreement: only 23 per cent voted. Among the several factors threatening the emergent 'black' government with disintegration, the disaffection of the Ndebeles is the most acute.

NOR DID THE REGIME succeed in carrying the Tribal Trust Lands of Mashonaland, although in certain areas such as Zwimba, Chiweshe and Msana, the activities of armed 'auxiliaries' owing allegiance to Muzorewa or Sithole provided the required coercive factor. Yet in Manicaland, where both Muzorewa and Sithole are local sons, ZANLA power and popular hostility to the regime confined the poll to 36 per cent. Even more spectacular was the failure of the security forces to bring in more than 25 per cent across the vast TTLs of Victoria, in the low velde.

ZANLA intimidation? Certainly there is abundant evidence of threats, landmines, forced marches of villagers into the hills, ambushes. But a visit to the 'hot' Tribal Trust Lands of Chipinga, Melsetter and Buhera points to more fundamental causes of peasant resistance.

Your District Commissioner is an election returning officer. And who is he? He is the man who ordered you to leave your own kraal at a few hours' notice, razed it to the ground, and padlocked you for twelve hours a day into the confinement of a 'protected village' – in order that the guerrillas might be deprived of food and shelter. He is the man who, in consultation with the local Joint Operations Centre, imposes curfews of twelve or even twenty-two hours on whole districts, closing the grinding mills and bringing economic life to a standstill.

He is the alien whose absolute power – at best arrogantly paternalistic, at worst ferociously punitive – was imposed on you by the fiat of a remote, occupying power.

This is colonial power, and the subjugated people, confronted daily by the force majeure of gunships growling and snarling over the kraals, refuses to subscribe to the myth that, by making a cross on a piece of paper, it will become the sovereign people, will regulate its own affairs, will control its own destiny.

Buhera is not a place to spend the night. Miles of arid brown earth, dirt tracks dug up and mined by 'terrs' – half its primary schools closed by the war, all dip tanks out of action, and not a telephone line functioning for the past four months. As the District Commissioner, Arnold Rudolph, put it, 'that's dreary when you want to talk to your kids in boarding school'.

Some 450 guerrillas reside permanently in the area, others pass through on their way to Gutu or Charter. 'Mujibas' – youths who act as scouts for the guerrillas – keep watch on dirt tracks from surrounding hills. On Sunday an incoming military unit, sent to establish polling stations, was hit by mines and an ambush. By noon on the second day of polling only 4,000 out of an electorate of 60,000 had voted.

Over the DC's desk was a luminous orange sticker: 'I am staying to help make it work'. Outside his door was a notice offering a reward of $5,000 for information leading to the death or capture of any senior terrorist leader. During our visit not a single voter showed up.

Local military commanders claimed that they 'uplifted' or escorted voters to the polls in the TTLs only when requested to do so. Yet last Monday, 16 April, four mobile guns and eight truckloads of soldiers moved into the Runde TTL north of Shabani. The people ran away into the hills.

Hardly surprising, in view of the fact that soldiers had burned down thirty-three homes last December, following the murder by ZIPRA of a local chief. On Tuesday the soldiers returned and escorted the people to the Msipani mobile polling station, for their own protection. Meanwhile, in the protected villages, some 60,000 voters were delivered, 100 per cent, by the guard force. One protected village in the Chipinga area achieved 105 per cent.

Of the 'accredited observers', more later. A more bizarre bunch of hard-right Christian nuts it would be impossible to imagine. As they all say to you, Rhodesia is a beautiful country, why not give it a chance? Why not be even-handed, what more do you want? In truth, the prospects for this war-torn land are too terrible to contemplate.

GIVE A CHILD A CHANCE.

GIVE.

Save the Children Week.
In the International Year of the Child.
April 29 - May 5.

Look out for events in your area.

Save the Children

The Save the Children Fund, Department 126, 157 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PT.

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The she-bear in her pride

Margaret Thatcher is fond of quoting Rudyard Kipling's remark about the superior deadliness of the female of the species. It is part of her tough, meritocratic image. PATRICK WINTOUR and RICK ROGERS expose the truth behind the image.

AS THE ELECTION began its ponderous attempt to reach lift-off an American reporter found himself talking to Margaret Thatcher's press secretary, Derek Howe, about the Leader's ambitions for the campaign. No doubt, said Howe, what Margaret had in mind. She wanted a knockdown, drag-out electronic debate with Callaghan. Of course, Callaghan would never agree. He would see that Thatcher must inevitably demolish him.

Sadly, this bold defiance was put forth just a couple of days before Callaghan agreed to debate, and Mrs Thatcher was reduced to complaints against the evil of 'presidential politics' – rather as though the dragon were to turn up, reeking jovially, and St George to back off with regrets about having come out without a sword. To do Mrs Thatcher justice, the retreat in this case seems to have owed more to St George's managers than to the saint's own decision: that is, there was a two hour row before the leader gave in to the insistence of her public relations chieftain, Gordon Reece. Mr Reece, it seems, is determined that the real Margaret Thatcher shall be obscured behind the images he has been carefully sculpting: effort should be applied, not to trading arguments about taxation and unemployment, but to humming exercises which will (possibly) deepen Mrs Thatcher's voice, and to the minute selection of appropriate items from the wardrobe proffered by Lady Guinevere Tilney.

No doubt the strategy is well-chosen, for in the absence of any radical creativity from Labour, the real issue of the election is the character of the Tory leader, and the Tories' lead could be demolished if it is ever allowed to surface properly. The most remarkable thing about Margaret Thatcher is that she presents herself as a meritocrat who won her way to the top despite unprivileged beginnings ('the charm of Britain has always been the ease with which one can move into the middle class'): the truth being that she is a professional mediocrity who rose through the advantages of large-scale inherited wealth. Her supreme attribute is the absence of self-awareness, which enables her to hold to the meritocratic delusion with a sleepwalker's confidence. It is also, as her handlers must realise, the supreme danger to her prospects: because of it, she is always capable of producing a gaffe which might constitute the Zimmerman Telegram of the class war.

I can't understand all the fuss about student grants. Carol managed to save out of hers. Of course, we paid for her ski-ing holidays.

A politician capable of saying something like that could easily demolish the minimal degree of electoral illusion which is required to establish her in Downing Street. And of course her personality is a legitimate issue, in that she represents the latest stage in the Tories' attempt to sever their public connection with privilege, and to be seen (her words) as 'a party of ordinary people, with ordinary hopes and beliefs'.

A GUSHING PRESS has taken most of her claims at face value, or better, and in 1975 Kenneth Harris of the *Observer* dutifully retailed a line which makes a rubric under which to examine the whole of her life and times.

What I have, and where I am, is the result of continuous effort and the courage to take the next step.

Even if this were true, it would be a chilling statement: most mature people who have achieved some professional status in our society are dimly aware that courage and effort are usually necessary, but certainly not sufficient, preconditions. They know that fortune is required as well, and that others as well-qualified may lack it; they do not make the simplistic equation of success with virtue, and agree with Kipling (whom Thatcher mentions, but surely never reads) that 'in our hearts we know/Not unto us the praise.'

It is, anyway, a travesty of the facts. When she says she is 'the grocer's daughter', she means that her father was a businessman of fair substance, running two shops in Grantham until he sold the smaller one in 1946. It is hard to tell exactly what Mr Roberts was worth. In 1970 when he died he left over £8,000 but it is unlikely that it is a complete picture of his wealth. To be sure, he worked his way up from behind the counter by enterprise and thrift (his own father was a shoemaker from Wellingborough, Northamptonshire) and (in local recollection) by paying rather modest wages which he eked out with truck in the shape of occasional pots of jam. But by the time Margaret was growing up, the crucial breakthrough into property and substance had been made: Alfred Roberts was an important Grantham citizen, going on to become president of the Grocers' Association, Rotary chairman, head of the local national savings movement and of the board of governors at Kesteven Grammar School, chairman of the municipal Finance Committee, mayor in 1946 and alderman for nine years. Sobriety, hard work and thrift were the values which Alfred Roberts embodied as a Methodist Circuit preacher, and passed on to Margaret – without, apparently, the additional perception that thrift is not equally possible in a world where not everyone can own a couple of businesses. During Finance Bill wrangling in 1975, a Labour MP protested at the Tory claim for tax-free wedding gifts of up to £5,000. Most of his constituents, he said, never saw that kind of money. 'That's because they don't save', said Mrs Thatcher through her teeth.

The 'ordinary people' who now, in her imagination, populate the Tory Party, were in those days kept at a distance. 'There was a road near our home where people like that lived and I used to walk along it. So I know what they're like', she said once. Her father's sense of discipline cut her off as well. There was no alcohol at anytime, no dancing on Saturday night, but instead three visits to Church on Sunday (no games or newspapers that day) and frequent trips to the library. Margaret went to Huntingtower Road elementary school when she was five, and stayed there till she was 11: it was a fairly new school, popular with parents. Her home was on the other side of town, but she was able to get to Huntingtower Road because it was just by her father's second shop, and the van was available to transport her.

From there, she gained a scholarship to Kesteven Grammar School, meaning that her family were absolved from tuition fees of £13 a year. This was a respectable achievement, but it took place against a background very different from that which the 1944 Education Act produced. It can be claimed that in London, Manchester and perhaps one or two other cities there were, before the war, enough free grammar school places to offer some chance of educational preferment to the clever children of the genuinely poor. In places like Grantham, all but a small fraction of the population were automatically disqualified because there were very few places, and because even those who gained free tuition had to pay for books and other incidentals which were beyond the average family's reach. There was nothing luxurious about Margaret Roberts' upbringing, but it was a substantial and advantaged one in the context of a pre-war England where the opportunity to get a decent secondary education was a privilege not available to 90 per cent of the population.

WHERE SHE WAS TYPICAL, in her time, of the emergent middle-class was in her perception of the likely rewards of a career. She gained a second in chemistry at Oxford, but even before reaching university her interest in science had begun to decline. At 17, she had decided that law would be more worthwhile – particularly the lucrative trade of patent barrister, for which an acquaintance with chemistry makes a good beginning. The Tory rhetoric to which she has since subscribed heavily has much to say about the need to create industrial wealth. But Margaret Roberts, although she had been given a training that would have fitted her to do something practical about it, showed little interest in doing so. She worked for three years as a chemist studying surface tensions for a plastics

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firm, before moving over to the research department of J. Lyons and Co, where she made no large impact. Admittedly, her work there was in one of the most dispiriting sectors of capitalism's under-belly: the concoction of industrialised foodstuffs. She investigated the stability of emulsions, in the search for means of preserving the foamy character of the substance called in Britain 'ice-cream' (though European regulations would deny it any such label). By 1952 her desire to escape into the specialist Bar had become imperative.

No 'ordinary' young woman – even one with a better degree than Margaret's – could have aspired realistically to such an aim in those days. Not that the intellectual standard of the Bar exam is high: it is simply that it is organised as an exceptionally tight closed-shop. Potential barristers required then, even more than now, excellent introductions, or the financial stamina to sit-out a long apprenticeship. And by this time Margaret's connections had made her financially secure.

She had joined the Oxford University Conservative Association just before the war's end – when it was perhaps at its lowest possible ebb, and when it seemed that energy and talent was enlisted almost completely on the side of reform and change. The novelist Nina Bawden recalls Margaret saying, with a show of genial cynicism, that she had joined OUCA because it provided more chance to shine: the joke may reveal some part of her motivation, but her feeling of alienation from the new politics was surely true enough. It was, in any case, through Oxford, that she began to enter the political network: as Oxford's graduate delegate she went to a Tory Party conference where she met the chairman of the Dartford constituency. He was sufficiently enthused to make her the youngest female candidate in the country.

Both of her Dartford campaigns were unsuccessful, but they introduced her to Denis Thatcher. He was 10 years older than Margaret, and had been married before. He was also managing director of a local paint firm called Atlas Preservatives.

Again, some attempt has been made to weave a meritocratic halo round Denis Thatcher. But the truth is that he inherited control of Atlas Preservatives from his father, who in a previous stroke of enterprise inherited it from *his* father, the founder. There is no evidence that Mr Thatcher was an inadequate manager by the standards of modern British business: nor is there any evidence of industrial or entrepreneurial talent in advance of his wife's. In 1965, Thatcher sold the firm to Castrol for £530,000, which means well over £1 million in today's values. (Atlas, incidentally, showed no ideological distaste for the public trough: one nice contract was to supply 30,000 gallons of paint annually to County Hall.) A year later the Burmah oil group – since discovered to be an industrial disaster-area – made a second take-over, whereon Denis Thatcher became a planning director of Burmah. He was also made a director of four Burmah subsidiaries, one since sold and one closed down. He retains, having retired from Burmah, directorships in Quintin Hazell, which makes vehicle components, and Halfords, the motor accessories firm.

FROM THIS next period of the early fifties, while Margaret – supported by Denis's ample circumstances – was studying for the Bar, raising children, and looking around for a seat with a bit more promise than Dartford, comes one of the richest and most famous aperçus of Thatcherism:

> **When the children were young I always had an English nanny. I never had an au pair because I couldn't really have gone out and left them with an easy mind. I wouldn't have been quite certain whether the au pair could speak English or knew how to ring the hospital if anything happened.**

This certainly suggests that Mrs Thatcher is aware of large areas of deprivation in British life: those in which Icelandic au pairs are running around the street trying to explain in sign-language that Sidonie has got her leg stuck in the harpsichord. The sad thing is that all the peace of mind so purchased came to little, because as a lawyer Mrs Thatcher was perhaps more of a flop than she had been as an industrial chemist.

She could not penetrate the patent Bar, which may well have been due to sexual chauvinism. However, she was given a fair chance at the revenue Bar, where her plan was to prepare herself with three different pupillages. The head of her first chambers, Sir John Sweeting, chucked her out without much ceremony, the head clerk finding her domineering and intolerable, and though she did eventually manage to find a perch in Lincoln's Inn, she made almost no impression on revenue litigation. She was not often trusted to appear in court, because of a tendency to dogged irrelevancy. In private conference, she tended towards general denunciations of taxation and its evils: no service to the average revenue client, who seeks efficacious devices, rather than ideological reinforcement. Her adoption in 1959 for the safe seat of Finchley – since rendered steadily more marginal by demographic change – appears to have come as a relief all round, enabling her to bow out on the grounds that she could not, as a mother, support *two* extra-domestic careers.

It is remarkable, in the circumstances, that she should have developed a reputation as a legal barracuda. It appears to derive from her performance in the 1975 Finance Committee, when the press largely agreed with Nora Beloff's excited *Observer* judgment that Mrs Thatcher had 'demonstrated a prodigious grasp of fiscal complexities'. It has been said by Patrick Cosgrave (among others) that it was this performance which convinced her

Central Press

First day as MP, 1959.

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parliamentary colleagues that she had both the rhetorical fire and the intellectual ability to lead the Tory Party. Few of her electorate, in that case, can have bothered to read *Hansard,* or watch her performance.

She was both mundane and sporadic. During the eight sittings she spoke for less than 40 minutes out of the 135 hours available. Her first intervention was to say that she thought that 'three nights all night would be rather much week after week'. ('We are a party', she likes to say, 'with extraordinary qualities of tenacity and purpose'.) Her second was an attempt to disguise the fact that she had overlooked a Labour gaffe the night before.

Joel Barnett, who led for the Treasury, remembers her as merely summing up what had been said previously by the real tax experts on her side – Nicholas Ridley, David Howell, Peter Rees and John Cope. The only originality she imported was the tone of some of her remarks, including one which remains a classic Thatcherism:

Let us talk in human terms. Let us take the example of a young person who reaches 21. One uses one's maximum gift (£1,000) to give him money for his twenty-first birthday for a car.

THIS TRIUMPH, which perhaps tells us more about the quality of the British press than about Mrs Thatcher, occurred 16 years after her unremarked departure from the Bar, and after an equivalent period of undistinguished knocking-about in politics. During the Tory opposition years she was shunted around as the shadow on housing, economic affairs, fuel and power, and finally transport. By 1967 she reached the Shadow Cabinet as the statutory woman.

Throughout this period of social reform she steadfastly opposed enlargements of individual freedom: especially liberalisation of divorce and legalisation of homosexuality. She now opposes, in the same spirit, any social provision for abortion, and desires, the restoration of capital punishment.

Only her period under Heath as senior minister at Education gives us any clue to her administrative capacities – though it is not encouraging. She arrived at the height of the 'Black Paper' period, on an ideological tide she found congenial. Within three days she had withdrawn the Crosland circular requesting local authorities to submit plans for reorganisation into comprehensive education, and replaced it with circular 10/70, decreeing that the whole matter was to be decided by local authorities themselves. She was, clearly enough, determined to break the post-war consensus on education: she did not, however, approach the task in a straightforward manner.

Throughout, she used political criteria to reject the plans of this or that authority. Typically, she would approve all but a small portion of a comprehensive-education plan – rejecting the organisation of one or two particular schools. Confusion, never more than held in check at Education, inevitably supervened within the Department. The charm of such devices, from Thatcher's viewpoint, was that it enabled her to say she had approved large numbers of schools changing to comprehensive – while at the same time holding it up in other areas. It was enough, indeed, to demolish the prospect of any smooth transition from selectivity to comprehensiveness. The meaning of her policy became so obscure that civil servants actively discouraged local authority delegations: they could not understand the minister's mind, and therefore could give no useful advice.

The same sidelong approach characterised the 1972 Education White Paper. Labelled as a 'framework for expansion', it emerged later as a means to contraction: the overall rate of growth being reduced by some two per cent. Within this, the whole bias was towards increasing nursery spending, and keeping money away from comprehensives. (There is not, after all, any serious objection among the prosperous to using public nursery and primary education as a basis for private education). Only minute sums were put aside for renovating secondary-school buildings: education authorities were allowed to put in only one bid for funds, and priority was then given to pre-1903 buildings, and to those schools where more than a third of the structures were temporary.

Her popularity was not enhanced by her second main ministerial act, which was to take responsibility for the October 1970 mini-budget that increased school meal charges, increased education fees further, and – notoriously – abolished free school milk for over-sevens. In all, she saved £52m. on the education budget – which, in view of the outraged response she received, may not have seemed to her worthwhile.

Thatcher was furious with her civil servants for not warning her about the emotiveness of the issue. They perhaps thought that the problem lay in her own lack of social perceptiveness: an impression that was strengthened when she suggested, straight-faced, that phoney change be given in sealed envelopes to disguise the identity of those receiving free meals.

The record is more impressive than her achievements in chemistry or at the Bar – but it hardly rises above mediocrity even so. And it suggests that the principal characteristic of a Thatcher Premiership would be, not the bold idealism which her supporters advertise, but a devious authoritarianism. The suggestion is reinforced by her leadership record in opposition.

HAGIOGRAPHIES suggest that Thatcher's take-over of the Tory Party was an intellectual crusade, and the leader herself has delighted in reinforcing this idea in addresses to businessmen in Zurich and New York. The truth is that there was no battle of ideas, but simply a brief, brutal faction-fight in which the decisive element was Edward Heath's personal unpopularity.

There is, to be sure, a New Right in the Tory Party, set up around the Centre for Policy Studies, the existence of which she helped to promote after the 1974 electoral debacle. But leadership of the ideologues, with whom she had not previously closely associated, fell to her only after the activation of Sir Keith Joseph's auto-destruct mechanism. (Reaction to his ludicrous miscalculations of lower-class birthrates convinced him of his own unsuitability.) Even when the most formidable of Heath's challengers, Edward Du Cann, hesitated through fear that there might be unpleasantness about his financial record, Thatcher was not taken seriously.

That very fact – together with Heath's extraordinarily arrogant response to the party's desire for a vote – was a major asset. Airey Neave deliberately under-sold her strength as the one candidate tolerable to the Right, and Tory MPs, unused to the complexities of Party balloting, gave her that unbeatable 130-119 first vote. It took some courage to stand, and to that extent Mrs Thatcher redeems her overweening self-image. But she had little to lose, and much to gain. No sooner was victory achieved than she began the purges designed to preserve it.

Pundits regularly describe the Labour Party as being taken-over by extremists, but Mrs Thatcher's massacre of moderates (chairman, deputy chairman, four vice-chairmen, a treasurer, the head of research, the director and the director general of organisation) has few parallels. Lord Carrington's replacement in the chair was Lord Thorneycroft, (a personal Thatcher hero) and due process was observed. Not everyone was so lucky: vice-chairman David Knox read about his own dismissal in Times Square, New York. Sir Richard Webster, director of organisation was given a day's notice of his dismissal.

There was supposed to be a democratic flavour about the new men: Marcus Fox, appointed vice-chairman with responsibility for candidates in 1976, said that he wanted more working-class candidates with northern accents. However, his practical attitude to candidate-vetting is summed up in his judgment that George Ward is 'a conservative in every sense, aiming for the sort of society we believe in'.

Battle raged throughout her first two years between the 'new men' and the remaining moderates, tempers made worse by a furious cost-cutting exercise. William Clark, the deputy chairman, was sacked. A great right-wing coup was to steal from the desk of Mark Hapgood, chairman of the Federation of Conservative Students in '75-'76, a document in which he argued that too many right-wing candidates were being selected, that policies were being tailored to match, and that an independent research unit should be set up to oppose the Centre for Policy Studies before the party became entirely sectarian. Mrs Thatcher just managed to resist the Monday Club's appeal for another mighty purge directed particularly at Andrew Rowe, the 'moderate' director of youth and community affairs. But she has made it clear that she has no use for dissent in her ideal Tory Party. When Peter Bottomley, a man known to have spoken favourably of comprehensive schools, won a South London by-election for her Party, she remarked: 'That's another seat for the Socialists'. Similarly, the writer of a West Midlands Tory manifesto who included an item by the hate-figure Peter Walker was given a drink by Thatcher's PPS, John Stanley, and reproached: 'We thought you were one of us'.

Consultation and discussion are not part of the Thatcher/Thorneycroft style. At the end of 1978, the all party Joint Committee Against Racialism sought the Tories' support: Thatcher let it be known she was not in favour, and Thorneycroft, the morning the National Union were to meet and discuss the subject, issued a press release saying the Tories would not join. Nettled, the National Union broke with tradition, and decided to over-rule Thorneycroft, who had to back down: even then, Thatcher would not give way, and said that she would not have a senior figure represent the party. Notoriously, senior Tory spokesmen like William Whitelaw were

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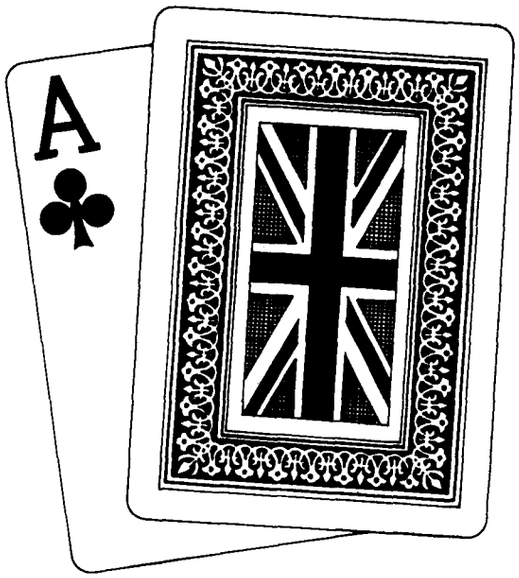

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told nothing in advance before last year's television outburst about Britons feeling rather swamped by people of an alien culture. Melvyn Kohler, who is responsible for ethnic minorities at Central Office, was on Radio Trent the same evening: when a caller started quoting Mrs Thatcher, Kohler refused to believe his leader had said such things. Rushing for the PA tape during the ad-break, he discovered he was wrong.

HER PERSONAL ENTOURAGE exhibit blind loyalty, but little of the independent quality that genuine leaders encourage. Something of their personal style can be gathered from Norman Tebbit's remark that the ailing Labour MP Tom Litterick should go and have another heart attack: Tebbit believes he will be in the Cabinet along with the other 'Cabinet material' such as Jock Bruce-Gardyne. She also rejoices in the plump Alfred Sherman (who holds that no-one is unemployed except voluntarily) and Adam Ridley, who advises her on economics. Among her advisers, perhaps only Chris Patten, speech writer and director of research, avoids living in a world of anti-socialist frenzy. Much of the delirium is simply imported by the Centre for Policy Studies, which has numerous links in the American super-right. Several of her advisers belong to the newly-formed and private St James Society (trustees include George Ward and Brian Cox of the Black Paper): modelled on the International Mont Pelerin Society and the US Philadelphia Society it has, inevitably, F. A. Hayek as its honorary president.

To many orthodox Tories, this looks like a fanatical take-over – and a foreign-influenced one to boot. The question is whether the hard Right – having sustained Margaret Thatcher through some tricky patches, often triggered by disastrous speeches in confidence debates and largely saved by Callaghan's winter collapse – would be able to extract from her in office any of the heady benefits they desire. Putting it another way: does she, for all the talk of being Selsdon Woman, really have the capacity to move a Tory Government away from the long-established pragmatism of its party's traditions?

The evidence is incomplete, but on the whole it suggests that any such ambitions on her part are as far-removed from reality as the Samuel Smilesian mythology in which she has draped her own career. It could, without doubt, be an ugly conflict. She has herself drawn attention to Kipling's statement that the female of the (bear) species is more deadly than the male, and she may not have realised quite how precise an account of her tactics the poem goes on to give:

> Unprovoked and awful charges – even so
> the she-bear fights,
> Speech that drips, corrodes and poisons
> – even so the cobra bites,
> Scientific vivisection of one nerve
> till it is raw ....

They have not, however, always brought her the desired success. Many of her right-wing allies lack, at day's end, the weight to handle opposition: Rhodes Boyson and John Biffen will not do as opposition to the Ian Gilmours. Both policy statements produced so far bear the stamp of Chris Patten as much as that of her ally Angus Maude. Even from Thorneycroft she has to face heavy pressure for the modification of her stance on free collective bargaining – it is not something Tory employers like, however the monetarists choose to theorise.

Immediately after Edward Heath's incomes-policy intervention last conference, the wise word was that he had committed political suicide. But the opinion-polls spelt out unmistakably the popularity of his position, and by November Heath had forced Thatcher to backtrack in the House, and to make in Paddington a heavily-publicised restatement of *The Right Approach to the Economy*. And, time after time, James Prior has taken it on himself to re-state her views on labour relations. Clearly, Margaret Thatcher believes that the world ought to change its ways, but in general when she has found herself unable to make it do so, she has contented herself with railing against the disagreeable features, or with fantasising them away. In the end, the odds are that she is not really Kipling's lethal she-bear, but a passing reference of Auden and Isherwood's in *The Ascent of F6*:

> The governess, in the dead of night,
> Giving the Universe nought for behaviour.

Election '79

What's under the Tory kilt?

The Tories' claim to be a party of 'all the people' is nowhere more forcibly demolished than in Scotland – where, despite numerous visits from Mrs Thatcher, they appear to be making no impression at all, while Labour heads for its most impressive victory since 1966. FRANCIS WHEEN reports

THE THREE THOUSAND square miles which make up Inverness-shire, geographically the largest constituency in Britain, include not only the United Kingdom's highest peak, but also the biggest floating non-voter. Sadly, the Loch Ness Monster has yet to show herself during the current election campaign, despite the eager exhortations of tourists who daily snap away at every out-of-focus buoy or small boat. But another prehistoric monster – apparently unchanged for thousands of years, its very existence uncertain – *has* made a rare appearance; and all of us, not merely Peter Scott and assorted tourists, ought to stand and watch, cameras a-popping, as the Scottish Conservative Party slides peacefully into extinction.

When the Conservative candidate for Inverness-shire, Major Pat Hunter Gordon, died of a heart attack last year, his son Richard, freshly graduated from Reading University, donned his kilt, packed his bags and returned home to become – naturally enough, since he had no apparent qualifications for the job other than being his father's son – the new Conservative candidate for Inverness-shire.

The area is currently bracing itself for huge unemployment – in the past fortnight alone Wiggins Teape has announced the closure of its pulp mill at Corpach, with 400 jobs lost, British Aluminium in Fort William has decided to shed 150 workers, and another 400 oil-rig workers in Ardersier have been warned of redundancy. But Richard Hunter Gordon has little to say about all this, other than to hint darkly to local journalists that:

> a chap told me last night that the pulp mill closure was part of a dirty deal the government have done with the Swedes whereby they'll promise to import more British Leyland cars if we'll let them have free run of the pulp market here – anyway, something like that. You journalist people ought to look into it.

Apart from that he has made practically no pronouncements on local matters, preferring instead to denounce, in ringing public school tones, the evils of nationalisation and taxation.

The Scottish electorate is not parochial, but in a country which has long felt itself to be ignored by Westminster it is understandable that local issues should figure prominently. The *Lochaber Free Press* was, perhaps, overdoing it a bit in its election round-up: 'Besides showing much concern about the siting of bus shelters and telephone kiosks in Fort William,' we were told of the sitting member, Russell Johnston, 'he is a firm supporter of the claims of Upper Achintore to its own sub-post office,' while Richard Hunter Gordon's late father was described as 'a leading advocate' of a post office for Upper Achintore – another cause his son has not taken up.

Hunter Gordon *fils* is emblematic of the Scottish Tories. His failure to address himself to the subjects which local people actually discuss – the slow death, for example, of the once-prosperous fishing port of Mallaig, following the government's ban on West Coast herring fishing – is shared by the Scottish Conservative Party as a whole. The Tories, with only 16 of the 71 Scottish seats, do not rely on Scotland for any majority which they may or may not achieve on 3 May; consequently they feel free to ignore Scotland while in office; consequently even fewer Scots vote Tory the next time; consequently the Tories exact an even harsher revenge when they are next returned to power; so the cycle goes on.

IT WAS the last Conservative government which led directly to the Nationalists' triumphs in the 1974 elections. Scotland had voted overhwelmingly against the Tories in 1970, yet it found itself governed for the next four years by a Conservative Secretary of State. The resentment caused by this interpretation of democracy found its expression in the belligerent beliefs of the Scottish National Party, which entered the election of February 1974, defending just two seats and emerged with seven, four of them gained at the expense

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of the Tories. In October 1974, it won another four seats – all of them from the Tories – to give itself 11 MPs.

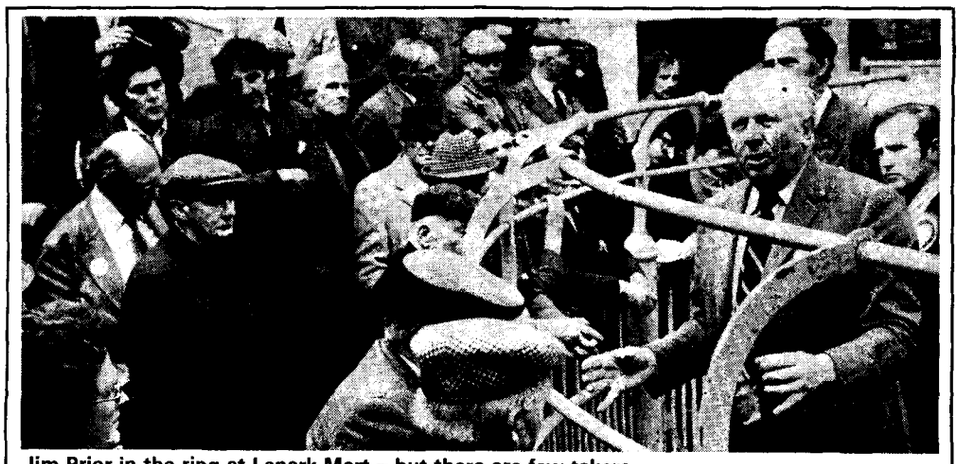
Indeed, having won more votes overall than the Tories and having come second in 36 of Labour's 41 seats, the SNP had a considerably stronger claim than the Conservatives to be regarded as the real Scottish opposition.

Labour, of course, needs its majority in Scotland to compensate for its failures in some of the English regions, and the 1974 Labour government was thus swift to be seen to be 'doing something' for Scotland: devolution proposals were wheeled out and the Scottish Development Agency was set up. Five years on Labour is still plugging away at the same policies, although the emphasis has changed, the SDA's budget was increased last month from £300 million to £800 million, and more is promised if Labour wins the election. (The commitment to devolution is more muted than it once was, in the light of a referendum result 'not as clear cut as we would have wished.')

This is the first election in which the Conservative Party has issued a special Scottish manifesto, but it is little more than the English manifesto with the word 'Scotland' thrown in at intervals – and every indication is that the Scots are unimpressed. A poll in the *Glasgow Herald* last week showed the Labour lead over the Tories in Scotland increasing rapidly: from 3 per cent in late February, to 16 per cent earlier this month, to 22 per cent now. The only Labour seat in Scotland to face any sort of Tory challenge is Edinburgh Leith, where the Conservatives are trying hard to stop Ron Brown from inheriting Ronald King Murray's 3,445 majority; but even here the Labour workers seem equal to the task.

THE THREE LIBERAL seats in Scotland owe much to the personal popularity of the candidates concerned – David Steel, Russell Johnston and Jo Grimond. The Nationalists' safest seats also benefit from their candidates' personal following. George Reid, a former TV journalist, was adopted as SNP candidate for Clackmannan and East Stirlingshire in January, 1974; within a month he had overturned a 10,000 Labour majority and come from third place to win the seat comfortably. He now defends a majority of over 7,000. Similarly, in the Western Isles the reason for the continued success of Donald Stewart became plain when an avowedly Nationalist constituency voted only narrowly in favour of the Scottish Assembly in the referendum, and on an embarrassingly low poll (under 50 per cent). It is not Nationalist fervour which has been returning Stewart to Westminster since 1970, but rather the fact that he is an Islander born and bred, well-known locally as a former Provost of Stornoway (an office roughly equivalent to mayor which was abolished four years ago). This time, recognising that these contests are decided more by the candidate's ability to inspire friendship than by his line on compulsory planning agreements, Labour has trumped the SNP by fielding a candidate who is an Islander born and bred and (of course) a former Provost of Stornoway.

The Scottish Tories have been slow to cotton on to the realities of the country's voting behaviour. Party officials at Scottish Central Office, in Edinburgh, actually consider that Lord Home – symbol of the laird tradition of Toryism, which inspires downright hatred in some Scots with long memories – is a major



Jim Prior in the ring at Lanark Mart – but there are few takers.

asset to the party in Scotland: he is seen, so the theory goes, as a distinguished statesman above the hurly-burly of party warfare. In fact, most Scots to whom I spoke either had no idea who he was or considered him a figure of fun. Nevertheless the Tories continue to put forward such candidates as the Hon Thomas Galbraith, Lord Strathclyde's heir, in Glasgow Hillhead, Nicholas Soames (Dunbarton Central), Lord James Douglas Hamilton (Edinburgh West) and Iain Sproat (Winchester, Magdalen and Aberdeen South) – not to mention our old friend Richard Hunter Gordon, whose campaign is based on the slogan 'A Gordon For Me', as if his family's stranglehold on the local Tory Party were a prime vote winner instead of the local joke it really is.

Only one Tory in Scotland has any sort of personal vote, and that is the grinning figure of Teddy Taylor, shadow spokesman on Scotland, who has held Glasgow Cathcart since 1964. Taylor's popularity stems partly from his success in portraying himself as a law and order fiend of the hang 'em, flog 'em and chop-off-their-hands variety, and partly from his ability to get on with his working-class constituents. Yet even Taylor is now in danger of losing his seat to Labour.

JUST AS THE RISE in the Nationalists' fortunes had some healthy effects on Labour in Scotland, so their current decline will also help Labour. Even if the SNP do rather better than the opinion polls suggest, there may still be as many as 200,000 SNP voters ready to defect. Scotland has a tradition of tactical voting, and all the indications are that, whether for reasons of belief or pure tactics, most former SNP voters will turn to Labour. They have not forgiven the Conservatives for campaigning against the Scottish Assembly, and will be out for revenge. Thus in Aberdeen South only a few hundred SNP voters who want the Tories out at all costs would be enough to unseat Iain Sproat. Labour could gain Edinburgh Pentlands from Malcolm Rifkind for the same reasons. And in Glasgow Cathcart (which ought to be Labour territory anyway, containing as it does Castlemilk, the largest housing estate in Western Europe), Teddy Taylor's 1,757 majority will fall if Labour can bring out its stay-at-home supporters and win over defecting Nationalists.

Since most of the SNP seats were taken from the Tories, it is not surprising that the Tories expect to win them back. But even here they may well be proved wrong – thanks, once again, to tactical voting. In SNP seats such as Argyll, Banffshire and East Aberdeenshire Labour supporters, recognising that their party has no chance, may well lend their votes to the Nationalists. Even seats such as Galloway (where the SNP majority over the Conservatives is only 30) and Moray and Nairn (where the Tories are only 367 votes behind the SNP) may yet be saved from the Tories by this device. And if the Tories do manage to snatch one or two seats back from the SNP, it will not conceal their overall weakness. The Tory position in Scotland appears to be beyond redemption.

THE RESULTS IN SCOTLAND on 3 May should prove conclusively that a Tory government has no right to be regarded as a national government and that the Conservative Party is little more than a glorified South-East of England National Party, with a few gentleman farmers and country landowners tagged on at the back of it. Ted Heath, representing an impeccably commuter-belt constituency, ushered in the age of Selsdon Man – named, significantly, after the Selsdon Park Hotel, a charming but expensive Home Counties establishment.

Margaret Thatcher, despite her Lincolnshire origins, has moulded herself so successfully in the Tory image that she too has become the Rt Hon Member for Commuterland in the Self Interest; so much so that most Scots to whom I spoke about her last week refused to believe that she did not hail from Epsom or Esher. And just as one cannot imagine suburbia taking too kindly to the idea of being governed by the Cornish Nationalists or some similar outfit, so the Scots see no reason why they should vote the Carlton Club into power. It is the inverse of Tam Dalyell's famous 'West Lothian question'; Scotland will not vote Tory, but it will get a Tory government. The frustrations caused by this state of affairs between 1970 and 1974 have been partially assuaged by a Labour government which has at least recognised the existence of human life north of the border. Should Margaret Thatcher find herself installed in Downing Street next week, the Scots will react with the only weapon they have – by hammering the Tories at the next election. Should Labour confound everyone by returning for another term, the evidence of the past five years suggests that its popularity in Scotland will continue to grow. Either way, it cannot be long before the Conservative Party in Scotland becomes nothing more than an antique curiosity, plonked in the middle of Loch Ness to smile weakly at visiting American professors. Unhappily, it might well frighten the tourists.

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Election '79

Ireland's British Problem

So it takes a visiting American to point out the importance of Ulster to the British election. The brainless attacks on Tip O'Neill's 'interference' only increase the suspicion that Britain has something to be ashamed of. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS has been in the North.

CONSIDER THE CASE of a medium-sized power – call it Power A. This power has some claim to have originated parliamentary democracy. At the time of writing, Power A is in the tenth year of a civil war in the fourth most prosperous and populous of its four provinces. This same province is divided within and against itself as to whether it belongs to Power A or to another nation (call it power B), but in Power A it is considered akin to treason to mention the fact. This is because the ten years of war have not been easy or pleasant, and many lives have been lost by Power A. Many other lives have also been lost – 1903 at the time of writing. Countless other lives have been blighted by maiming and insanity from the same causes. Nor has the cost been small in other terms. Valued as pounds sterling, Power A's outlay comes to nearly £1,500,000,000 each year on subventions to the province, and if military expenditure is added the figure increases by at least another £63,000,000 per annum.

Nor is that the only cost. The officers in the army which Power A maintains have been made familiar with civilian counter-insurgency techniques to a frightening degree; becoming expert in the use of computerised surveillance and invigilation. The junior ranks of the army and police have become experts in interrogation methods, to the point where Power A has been condemned by the European Court of Human Rights for its conduct. Lower ranks patrol the streets, neither liking nor liked by those around them.

The courts maintained by Power A to deal with this depressing state of affairs have learned to dispense with juries and with most of the rules of evidence. Some lawyers, indeed, will not agree to appear before them. And the vile behaviour of the rebels in the province has ensured that the civilian population of Power A is thoroughly poisoned in its opinion of the question – freely stating that the province deserves all it gets. Most remarkable of all, Power A is in the process of picking a new government, in which all the citizens of the unhappy province have an absolute right to cast a vote. Yet in this election, the situation in the province is not an issue between the parties – except insofar as some speakers favour executing the rebels in the province and some do not.

RETURNING TO ULSTER after an absence, I had my hand luggage removed and wrapped in a plastic bag for the flight. I asked if I could remove some reading matter from my briefcase. The security officer stipulated only one book, and when I asked the reason for such an absurd rule, rejoined 'There are a lot of nasty people over there'. This remark, so absolute in its irrationality, seemed to sum up the general attitude towards the Six Counties, election or no election.

In the province itself, one encounters even better reasons for public resignation and disgust. The election, it is perfectly apparent, will not change anything. It is possible that Enoch Powell may lose his seat because of the intervention of an even more bigoted Unionist in his constituency. It is just possible that Gerry Fitt could be unhorsed by the appearance of Republican rivals to spoil his majority in West Belfast. It is conceivable that the Alliance Party could see Oliver Napier capture its first Westminster seat. But even if all three of these upsets were to take place, what difference would honestly be made? The same dreary sectarian cycle is still repeating itself, and under the stewardship of Roy Mason has become as bad as ever before. The fact that the Irish have indirectly caused this election is a sort of oblique revenge for that.

There have only ever been three justifications for Britain remaining in Ulster. The first was, and is, the Unionist claim to an indefinite commitment by Britain to support 'an integral part of the United Kingdom', if necessary going as far as lending the British Army to the Unionist Party, as was done between 1969 and 1972, with disastrous results. The second was, and is, the belief that Britain has a responsibility to protect Ulster (and Eire) from sectarian fascism and civil war. This position is defended most eloquently by Stanley Orme and Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien, and involves a democratic and gradualist approach to the concerns of both Catholic and Protestant factions. It does not preclude reunification of the island, but it requires a very stern attitude to those who advance reunification by force.

The third justification is rather different. It says 'we're here because we're here' and bedamned if anybody is going to shift us – on anything. It relies on direct rule, on bureaucratic fiat, and on the Army. It resists open inquiry and tries to intimidate those who want it. It makes sordid bargains on things like constituency boundaries and the allocation of subsidies. It is personified by the boorish and ignorant figure of Roy Mason, and in reality it is 'option one' all over again. The old Protestant ascendancy is not what it was – as can be seen from the preposterous dogmatic splits between Powellites, Paisleyites and 'United' Unionists, not to mention the proletarian militia of the Ulster Defence Association. But an ascendancy it still is, with more seats at Westminster negotiated by a dying pork-barrel government, and a huge blank cheque on the Army and the Exchequer.

Not perhaps since internment has the minority community felt so alienated from the British government. The two reasons for this are fairly obvious – the revelations of the Bennett Report (brought to light chiefly by the exertion of Protestant Unionist doctors) and the sell-out over extra Unionist seats. In both cases there was an additional element: the manner of the decision. Bennett was accompanied by an official smear campaign against the witnesses, and the extra seat policy was carried through with no obvious reason or purpose beyond prolonging the life of the Callaghan government. Such things cut deep in a people already accustomed to betrayal.

So the 'internal settlement' in Ulster has broken down. As long as British governments underwrite the Unionists and bribe them with the boundary commission and the subsidy system, there is no reason why the same Unionists should make any concessions on power sharing. Who would, if they knew that their own position was guaranteed anyway? They may chafe at direct rule (ironically referring to it as a 'colonial' arrangement, which comes ill from the most consistently pro-imperial group of politicians in the United Kingdom) but they prefer it to reform, and they can still hope either for restored local authorities or for full integration with Britain. Meanwhile, the old familiar indices of decay show a worsening as well. Unemployment is moving up sharply, despite Roy Mason's efforts to move American firms into the province. And the 'security situation' is as critical as ever if not more so. Popular support for the Provisionals is at a low ebb, but they admit this and do not greatly care about it – not that they ever did. They have been professionalising their forces, concentrating more on a hard core of guerrillas than a mass base, and as a result they are actually turning away recruits. Very few of their people are being killed or captured and, as the European shootings show, they retain their ability to seize military initiatives. Roy Mason's endless waffle about 'getting on top of the gunmen' is as hollow as it was in General Harding's day. In West Belfast the name 'Fergal O'Hanlon' used to be much written on the walls, in commemoration of a 'martyr' of the 1957 campaign. A British Army brigadier was discussing the security situation with Gerry Fitt and suggested that 'perhaps if we could get in touch with this Fergal O'Hanlon fellow he would take a reasonable line'. Fitt had to inform the officer that the man had been killed by the British twenty years ago. On top of the gunmen we are not, and in a ten-year campaign the British Army has really had only one hero – in the ill-fated Captain Robert Nairac.

IT IS HARD to imagine a set of political leaders less worth fighting and dying for than the Ulster bunch. With the single exception of Fitt (and the obvious exception of Powell) there are none of them who could get elected to the Commons under any other conditions, and their absurd Fuhrer complexes and faction fights are the symptoms of men who live off the lack of a solution.

So the question arises again – can Ireland find a solution to the British problem? Looked at simply in Northern terms, the position is as full of despair as the above might suggest. But there are a few encouraging signs.

The first of these is the vastly increased prosperity of the Irish Republic. It is no longer the 'potato republic' of Unionist legend, but a thriving economy making a bomb out of the Common Market and rather surpassing the UK in growth rates. Many Ulster farmers prefer to consult the Dublin Ministry of

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Agriculture about grant support and related matters – and the fact that both halves of Ireland are now in the same Common Market has seen fresh forms of convergence emerge as well. Other objective conditions produce similar results – the recent White Paper on Energy rejected the hare-brained idea of a gas pipeline from the mainland to Ulster in favour of a scheme for electricity supply cooperation between the Six Counties and the Republic.

It would be wrong to exaggerate the influence of this kind of dealing but such things would have been unthinkable until recently, and they do show up the anachronistic nature of the political border between the two states. Dr Garret FitzGerald recently produced a detailed study* of how long-term trends towards Irish federal unity can be discerned, and made some bold proposals for further mutual concessions. So far, of course, the Loyalists prefer to shelter behind Mason and the army rather than have the argument, but some of their constituents are interested.

The second thing which is beginning to make the British and the border look less relevant is the renewed interest of the United States. The well-known 'gang of four' – Speaker 'Tip' O'Neill, Edward Kennedy, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Governor Hugh Carey – have caused President Carter to make the first statement on Ireland ever made by an American President (even in the days of de Valera they kept quiet for fear of offending the British). Carter and the 'gang of four' have indicated that America would be prepared to give generous aid to Ulster if it reformed itself and agreed to discuss Irish unity, and the Irish-American caucus is a major force. For the matter of that, many Washington representatives are a good deal better briefed on Ulster than most Westminster MPs.

In his powerful book *States of Ireland*, Conor Cruise O'Brien has a striking passage about what the consequences of unbridled atavistic nationalism would be for Ireland, north and south.

> Both sides would be under right-wing governments, scruffily militaristic and xenophobe in character. The principal cultural activities would be funerals, triumphal parades, commemorations, national days of mourning and ceremonies of rededication to the memory of those who died for Ireland/for Ulster.

Need it be this bad? Do the British think that just by being there (never mind the sullen public opinion at home) they are doing the Irish a favour? Some of the necessary conditions for a break with the past and an isolation of the paramilitary gangs already exist. What is required is something to break the log jam. The NEW STATESMAN used to argue that a date for British withdrawal should be fixed and adhered to, in order to 'concentrate the minds' of the outlandish Ulster folk. A slightly more sophisticated version of this ought at least to be put to the electorate. Without such an alternative, we face the prospect of endless violence, more sectarian polarisation and more political infections in the armed forces than ever since 1912 (when Ulster last turned the head of our officer corps).

THE KEY LIES in internationalising the problem, which would help to end the 'Brits versus Irish' dichotomy, and break the local veto and monopoly currently held by sectarian politicians. The EEC would surely have an interest in ending the most outstanding anomaly within its own borders. The United States could supply the sort of investment aid that Britain is incapable of providing for any of its declining regions. There could obviously be entrenched guarantees for the autonomy of the Protestant North, provided it did not want to run everybody else's life as well as its own. The Provisionals are mad enough to continue fighting even if this process began, but there would be powerful incentives for them to stop doing so. The sort of spirit manifested in a pathetic and doomed form by the 'Peace People' (RIP under present conditions) could reassert itself. So, with fuller employment and more wages, could a non-sectarian trade union and even socialist movement have a chance – it has literally none at the moment.

If, if, if. None of this can happen as long as Mason or the Tories keep us on the Unionist treadmill. The only signal for any change must be a stated intention to pull out the troops on a definite date; not too close to give alarm, but definite. Nobody – not even Sinn Fein – wants a scuttle. But there could be an honourable retreat. The Labour Party ought to put the idea in front of the voters while there is still time, and before the voters start to demand that the Irish be 'left to cut each others' throats'. The only flourishing thing in Belfast over the last decade has been a new school of poets. One of them, Seamus Heaney, wrote in his 'Linen Town':

> It's twenty to four
> On one of the last afternoons
> Of reasonable light.
> Smell the tidal Lagan:
> Take a last turn
> In the tang of possibility.

* 51 Upper Mount Street, Dublin 2.

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Election '79

The voters who switch sides

Conventional wisdom says both that the electors are volatile, and — with certain glaring exceptions — that the polls show little movement. PETER KELLNER analyses the real flow and counter-flow of class allegiance.

THREE WEEKS AGO the *New Statesman* analysed the election tasks that faced Labour and the Conservatives. Labour needed to reconstruct its working class base, while the Tories needed to break out of their citadels in the Home Counties. As the parties prepare for the final sprint, the evidence is that the Tories have largely succeeded in their aim, while Labour has largely failed. Indeed, although the Conservative lead fell fractionally during the first half of the campaign (and may have fallen a little further since), this can be wholly explained by a swing to Labour among middle-class voters. Among trade union members, and in particular among skilled workers, Labour's support actually fell. Tory promises to cut their taxes have been getting through.

Most of the evidence in this analysis is derived from surveys conducted for the *Sunday Times* by Market & Opinion Research International. Owing to the continued suspension of the *Sunday Times*, the information has been made available to the NS. Between April 4 and 6 MORI interviewed a representative national sample of 1,087 electors in 54 constituencies throughout Britain. Last week between April 17 and 19, MORI reinterviewed 928 of the same people. This panel study varies from the method used in most other polls, where *different* samples of voters are polled each time and small variations in results are as likely to be caused by sampling fluctuations as by real changes in popular sentiment. Also, by reinterviewing the same voters, the volatility of the electorate can be measured. If one million voters switch from Labour to Tory, and another million switch from Tory to Labour, the overall result will appear as no change: the substantial shifts below the surface can only be detected by panel polling. Marplan is also reinterviewing a panel of voters – this time in English marginals – for London Weekend Television's *Weekend World*.

The table, bottom right, shows the changes that took place in the MORI/*Sunday Times* panel between the two waves of interviews. The net effect of all the movement left the parties almost exactly where they started. What in fact happened was that 11 per cent of the sample (equivalent to four million electors) changed their voting plans in some way, but that these changes nearly all cancelled each other out. Of this 11 per cent, 4 switched between parties, while 7 moved to or from the group consisting of don't knows, won't tells, or say they won't vote. (Over the same period Marplan found movement in 13 per cent of its sample.)

It is when these movements are analysed more closely that the Conservative success in penetrating traditional Labour territory becomes apparent. This is how loyalties have moved since October 1974 among two groups – 'ABC1s' (middle and professional classes: 33 per cent of the electorate) and trade union members (30 per cent). The 1974 figures come from Harris Polls, and September 1978 (when most people expected the election to take place) from MORI polls conducted for the *Daily Express*. They show how Labour's relative buoyancy among middle class voters contrasts with the winter wreckage among trade union voters.

	Oct	Sept	Apr	Apr
	74	78	4-6	17-19
ABC1				
Conservative	55	67	66	63
Labour	19	27	24	24
TU members				
Conservative	23	32	38	39
Labour	55	54	48	47

ANY POLL is subject to a margin of error; and with sub-samples from a poll the risk of error arises. But movements within a panel (as opposed to movements between different samples) are likely to be real; and the trends are supported by other sources. Marplan's panel, for example, has shown the Tory lead among the middle classes decline by 7 per cent over three weeks; during the same period a Labour lead of 4 per cent among skilled workers (more heavily represented in marginals than elsewhere) switched to a one per cent Tory lead.

If the Conservatives can hold on to their working class gains – and support of almost 40 per cent among trade union members would easily be a post-war record – then Margaret Thatcher will not simply win the election: she will have a sufficiently broad-based range of support to claim legitimacy for blue-blooded Toryism. Labour's immediate task – and long-term problem – is to deny the Conservatives that base.

When voters are asked to judge the parties on their policies and overall performance, Labour seems to have recovered some ground. During the first fortnight of the campaign, for example, the number of electors giving Labour a favourable verdict on its record in office rose 4 per cent, from 48 to 52 per cent. Such movements can be an early warning signal of voting shifts.

However, as the table 'Which party has the best policies?' shows, Labour entered the campaign after a winter of catastrophe. Traditionally Labour has been regarded by most people as the best party to deal with inflation, industrial relations and unemployment. By last August three years of million-plus dole queues had already removed Labour's lead on unemployment. Then a rapid succession of highly-publicised strikes, together with the collapse of pay policy, demolished its lead on inflation and industrial relations.

Since February Labour has slowly recovered, edging back into the lead on industrial relations and closing the gap on unemployment. Labour has found no answer, however, to the Tories' tax-cutting promises. Significantly, the one group of people where the Tory lead on this issue has increased during the campaign has been skilled workers – where the lead has grown from 20 to 26 per cent in the MORI/*Sunday Times* panel.

Already this week the Prime Minister has devoted his sharpest attacks on the Conservatives to this plank in their policy, arguing that tax cuts will have to be paid for with price rises. The corollary is that if the Tories do thrust some convincing figures out of the mist at the last minute then the Tory victory could be massive indeed.

THE OTHER PROBABLE theme to the final stages of the campaign will be a more personalised fight between Callaghan and Thatcher. One of the very few clear signs in Labour's favour is that Callaghan is still the preferred Prime Minister. Even 16 per cent of

MEDIA professionals have expressed a good deal of concern about the wildly-biased coverage Fleet Street has given to the election. There is some comfort in knowing that the bias has been perceived by newspaper readers as well. Respondents in the MORI panel (see main text for description) were also asked what they thought of the political attitudes of the newspapers they read. Obviously, readers are well aware that Labour has few friends among the tabloid producers. Also, the Toryism of the *Daily Mail* and the *Express* has been accurately tagged by their readers.

It is slightly more surprising that only 28 per cent of *Sun* readers perceive a bias in the paper. But (a) the *Sun's* appeal is probably the least political of all the major papers, and (b) its pro-Toryism is neither as long-established nor as consistent as that of the *Express*.

It may come as a slight shock to *Mirror* journalists who value their paper's radical tradition to discover that rather more people think them pro-Tory than pro-Labour. To some extent, this perhaps represents a 'shadow' effect produced by a perception of general press bias against the Left. But it is also true that during the winter the *Mirror* took up attitudes towards low-paid workers which were not easy to distinguish from those of the Tory tabloids. No analysis was made of the views of *Telegraph* and *Guardian* readers, as their relatively small circulations did not produce reliable sub-samples in the panel.

Next week, the *New Statesman* will try to put Fleet Street's political bias into long-term perspective.

Has the newspaper coverage you've seen been biased towards Conservative or Labour, or has it been unbiased?

Readers of	Con	Lab	Un-biased	Don't know
D. Express	44	5	33	19
D. Mail	45	9	34	12
Sun	28	9	41	22
D. Mirror	24	19	38	18

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Which party has the best policy?

	August '78	Feb '79	April 4–6	April 17–19
Prices/inflation				
CON	31	39	36	40
LAB	40	27	33	36
Industrial relations/strikes				
CON	32	39	35	37
LAB	41	26	36	40
Unemployment				
CON	36	39	37	40
LAB	29	24	28	34
Law & order				
CON	42	NA	49	52
LAB	24	NA	19	22
Taxation				
CON	NA	NA	48	51
LAB	NA	NA	24	26
Common Market				
CON	32	NA	34	34
LAB	28	NA	22	29

What are the important issues facing Britain?

	August '78	Feb '79	April 4–6	April 17–19
Prices/inflation	63	66	59	66
Industrial relations & strikes	25	73	63	59
Unemployment	55	31	50	51
Law & order	23	14	31	33
Taxation	NA	NA	30	31
Health service	11	15	20	18
Immigration & race	27	10	18	18
Education	15	9	16	18
Housing	12	9	15	17
Common Market	9	9	16	16
N. Ireland	7	5	18	16

Conservatives think he would do better than Mrs Thatcher – while only two per cent of Labour supporters think Mrs Thatcher would do better.

Callaghan has avoided a Presidential-style campaign against Thatcher, apparently believing that such a campaign by Harold Wilson contributed to Labour's defeat in 1970. Now Mr Callaghan has little other ammunition to fire. If he is to have any hope of denting the Conservative lead he must persuade a fair proportion of those 16 per cent of Conservatives to back him by voting Labour – or at least move halfway across by voting Liberal. Shrewd Labour tacticians might do worse than go round in the middle of the night daubing walls with – 'Jim, you got us into this mess, you get us out of it.'

All this analysis depends on having some faith in the ability of opinion polls to record trends with some fidelity. Memories of 1970 – when every poll but one anticipated a Labour victory – are easily revived when on the same day (last Sunday) a Gallup Poll in the *Sunday Telegraph* gives the Conservatives a 5½ per cent lead, while a Research Services poll in the *Observer* gives the Conservatives a 20 per cent lead. In fact, apart from the *Observer* polls, which have been consistently out of line, all the published polls have recorded a division of the national vote within nodding distance of Conservatives 49 – Labour 40. Between now and May 3 the gap may well close. What is certain is that many people – not least Labour politicians in their public poses – will divine different trends and moods 'on the doorsteps'.

On the day of the 1945 general election similar methods of sniffing the public wind produced universal Fleet Street predictions of a Tory win. A clear victory for Churchill, announced the *Daily Mail*; a majority of 60, predicted the *Daily Express*. Tucked away in the *News Chronicle*, Gallup recorded 47 per cent for Labour, 41 per cent for the Conservatives, and 10 per cent for the Liberals. Even the *News Chronicle* did not believe its (accurate) consequences: a Labour landslide.

Peter Kellner is on the staff of The Sunday Times.

These tables indicate the problems Labour faced as the election campaign started, and the slight progress it made during the first fortnight to reduce the Tory lead in issues as well as votes. All figures are in percentages; the August 1978 and February 1979 figures come from MORI polls for the Daily Express; the April figures come from the MORI/Sunday Times panel. In the issue tables NA means not asked. The table below shows how votes switched during the first fortnight of the campaign. For example, the circled 1 means that 1 per cent of the whole sample said during the first round of interviews they would vote Labour, but switched to the Conservatives by the second round. The circled 6 shows that 6 per cent of the sample has remained loyal to the Liberals in both rounds. The 'don't know' figures include people who say they won't vote, or refuse to say. A dash indicates nobody; an asterisk indicates less than ½ per cent. Because of rounding, the component figures do not always exactly match the totals.

Labour's one hope: the Callaghan effect

		April 4–6	April 17–19
Voting intention (excluding 'Don't Knows')	CON	50	49
	LAB	40	40
	LIB	8	8
Who do you think would make the better Prime Minister?	Callaghan	48	51
	Thatcher	33	36
	No difference	12	8
Do you think that on balance the Labour Government has done a good job or a bad job while in office?	Good job	48	52
	Bad job	39	39
	Don't know	13	9
Do you think the Conservative Party would do a better or a worse job if they were in power?	Better	39	42
	Neither better nor worse	28	23
	Worse	24	28
	Don't know	10	7

The votes that have switched around

April 17–19 \ April 4–6	Con	Lab	Lib	Other	Don't Know	Total (April 17–19)
Con	41½	(1)	½	–	1½	44½
Lab	1	33	½	*	1	36
Lib	½	½	(6)	–	½	7½
Others	*	–	–	2	–	2
Don't Know	1½	1½	½	–	6	10
Total (April 4–6)	44½	36	8	2	9½	

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Election '79

The demolition gang arrives

The Tories propose to sell off the nation's council houses. Few people will benefit. Less money will go to the Exchequer to fund those tax-cuts, more will go into subsidising homes, and councils will be less able to meet housing needs. BERNARD KILROY explains this plan to make off with the nation's housing.

THE TORIES LEND credence to their tax-cutting pledges by suggesting that the Exchequer can be enriched through the sale of council houses. The suggestion is quite unrealistic – unless sales take place in some Eldorado where everyone gains and nobody loses.

Voters hardly need telling that a council house bought at a 50 per cent discount is a bargain for the individual purchaser. And home ownership is acknowledged as *the* way to inflation-proof prosperity. But how can this also be a windfall for the rest of the community – taxpayers or ratepayers? How can the Greater London Council claim to have 'made' a £30 million capital gain, equivalent to £3 million a year, from its recent sales drive?

The trick is done by confusing the short-term with the long-term, and by ignoring ordinary commercial standards of investment appraisal. The only figures discussed, generally, are the revenues of councils in the first year after sales. There, the money which the purchaser has to find appears as the council's instant gain. (Even without allowing for maintenance costs, the purchaser's outgoings may increase by as much as 50 per cent when he replaces his rent with a mortgage.) Such gains undermine the whole principle on which Labour municipalities have to work. For it is the older houses which it is most profitable to sell: the ones with 15 years or more of life behind them, capable of producing a surplus to set against the losses of newer building. The debt on a 1930s house built for £500 costs only £1 a week to service. That on a 1950s house built for £1,500 costs only £3. These are not onerous debts to clear when the mortgage income which the council receives from sale are determined by 1979 values – £5,000 to £9,000 before discount.

Leeds is the *only* Conservative council, so far as I know, which has produced a long-term assessment of its sales programme.[1] Each house sold, it is claimed, will save the Leeds housing account £300 a year in today's money – or £1.5 million for its target of 5,000 sales, one-twentieth of the city's stock. If every council were to double those efforts and sell one-tenth of its stock, the public purse would gain some £200 million a year to offset against housing subsidies (which anyway would not be payable on the properties sold).

If these sales did not depend on being mortgaged through the local authorities, there would be a once-for-all capital gain for the Exchequer. But my own calculations suggest that Leeds would lose an average of at least £1 million a year *over the remaining life of those 5,000 houses.* Reproduced across the country at the redoubled rate of sale, this would be a loss of about £100 million a year, equivalent to a £1,000 million capital loss.

The reason is that mortgage income which a council receives on a sold house will stay fixed in today's money – whereas rents keep pace with the inflation of money incomes. After a few years, the rent income forgone is far greater than the mortgage income received – and the process is inevitable. Horace Cutler, the Tory leader of the GLC, keeps telling me it won't happen if inflation eases. But it will, because if inflation eases, so will interest charges and other costs. He also says that maintenance and management costs will rise almost as fast as earnings. So they will, but rents will still keep their margin.

Tory spokesman Hugh Rossi

The Leeds assessment projected a long-term gain through sales by assuming that rents in the future would rise only *half* as fast as inflation, rather that at *twice* the rate of inflation – which has been our actual experience for 30 years. That was in 1976. Next year, the municipality put rents up by 25 per cent!

THE EXCHEQUER fares no better in direct subsidy savings from sales. A misleading impression is often given by suggesting that there is an average subsidy on a new council house of £1,300, while there is only £300 in mortgage tax-relief on a new privately-owned house. This is true only in the first year.

New houses will always be a small minority of those sold. Leeds has been selling houses carrying subsidies of £10 a year on pre-war houses, £52 for post-war and £166 for recent houses. Yet the Exchequer must have been granting at least £200 of tax relief on council houses which were sold last year for a national average of £8,550 (even if the purchasers mortgage only three-quarters of the price), So even in the first year, gains to the public purse through the council's accounts are being offset by losses in the Exchequer.

Overall loss is certain. In parallel to each council's eventual loss, the Exchequer acquires a new, perpetual liability. On a *rented* council house the Exchequer subsidy is fixed according to the historic debt, and steadily declines in real terms. In the case of the same house sold, the bill for tax relief declines more sharply, *but leaps again each time the house is re-sold and re-mortgaged at current values.*

So where are the tax gains? There may be some attempt to shelter behind the convention that 'tax expenditures' do not figure in public spending, in the way that cash subsidies do. But this year's White Paper on public spending shows that mortgage relief cost £1,265 million last year, and exemption from capital-gains tax on sales of owner-occupied houses cost another £1,500 million. The distinction, in fact, is academic; what matters is that as tax reliefs grow, overall tax revenues are reduced by selling council houses into the owner-occupied sector. Therefore, the claim that permanent reductions in taxation can be achieved is a false one.

LURID PICTURES are always painted of public-housing subsidies. But systematic projections give a different picture. The Department of the Environment's unpublished background papers to the 1977 Housing Policy Review projected that the cost of mortgage tax relief would rise in real terms over the next decade by 66 per cent – under modest assumptions about demand. Using the DoE's programme, the Centre for Environmental Studies[2] showed that public-housing subsidy costs are likely to level off in real terms. Had Labour had the courage to extend some cost pooling between authorities, subsidies could level off even if investment rose.

Tories may suggest that savings could be made by finding building society mortgages. But to sell off only one-tenth of the nation's public housing stock would absorb the equivalent of £4-5 billion – ie, the amount building societies have to raise net from the savings market in one year. And the demands of the rest of the economy make it impractical to think of tapping other alternative funds. (House purchase loans have quadrupled their proportion of the GDP in the last 20 years, while savings have increased theirs less than three-fold.) Of course, if houses were sold at less than half price, less would need to be lent. But then there would be still less revenue from sales.

What is more, sales cream off the best *houses*: statistically, these are bound to be the ones which, because of their age, show the most immediate financial gains from sale. (Of all three-bedroom council dwellings in the country, four fifths were built before 1964; 93 per cent of them being houses.) In future, housing expectations will rise in the public sector as fast as demand rises in the private sector. With the best stock sold off and the post-war 'bulge' of flats a generation shabbier, we shall find ourselves lurching towards the welfare housing of the USA or Western Europe, where such contrasts are offset by stronger private-rented sectors or stronger housing association movements.

Bernard Kilroy is a housing officer with an Inner London borough.

[1] For a fuller analysis, see the Shelter journal, *Roof*, May, 1977.
[2] *Review No. 4.*

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Yet, ironically, public housing will be more vulnerable to the high-subsidy charge – because so many of the surplus-producing houses will have been sold. A further irony is that without balanced property portfolios, councils will have difficulty in coping with new needs, such as those of elderly owner-occupiers. (The latest DoE House Condition Survey has revealed how serious is the trend towards disrepair in their houses). Increasingly, councils will have to divert their construction, maintenance and re-housing resources to meet these needs.

THE CLAIM that public tenants are only being given the right of enfranchisement which leaseholders received in 1967 is a hypocritical one coming from those who seek to reduce the security of private tenants. And in any case, it is a dangerous precedent to over-ride an elected authority's autonomy through an individual's statutory right to buy. The only way out of the constitutional dilemma is to permit sales on a no-discount, no pre-emption basis. After all, it is the obligation to give the local council first refusal on sale within five years which creates the 20 per cent discount, not the sitting tenancy as most people believe. Council houses could have no 'market investment' value except to other councils.

It is claimed, of course, that sales redress an unequal balance of wealth. A tenant owns nothing after paying rent for 25 years, whereas his owner-occupier neighbour, with the help of a mortgage, has acquired an asset which has appreciated – on Michael Heseltine's figures – from £2,000 to £16,000.

The contrast is exaggerated because changes in the value of money are ignored. If national average figures are used, the real gain to the buyer is the extent to which the eightfold increase in house values has been faster than the increase in other prices less repair, insurance, transaction costs. The real cost to the tenant is the rent he has paid in real terms, net of maintenance, over 25 years – i.e., £5,000 – plus the extent to which rents (and maintenance) have risen faster than prices in general. Overall, I reckon the owner might have gained £7,500 over the tenant.

But such a contrast should lead to more statesmanlike questions about the resultant inequities and inefficiencies – it should not be the justification for an instant sales-package which will only benefit a minority. If tenants, who are one in three of all the householders in our 'one nation', *inevitably* lose something by renting, then should we not seek compensation for them all through better services, or forms of saving as well proofed against inflation as those open to owner-occupiers.

To countenance a fall in the value of tenants' savings is also to turn a blind eye on the savings of all those on fixed incomes. If buyers inevitably gain from ownership, why is it necessary to compound their gains through mortgage relief of up to £3,300 – in real terms – on a £10,000 house, and on top of this to continue to except them from capital gains tax? To make a virtue of the unique hedge against inflation which home-ownership has become is to ignore the way in which productive investment in the real economy has become at the same time unprofitable. The sales distraction leaves the real problems of housing finance to become, in the long term, steadily more dangerous.

Election '79

A plan for industrial chaos

Five years has not been long enough for the Tories to come up with a coherent policy on industrial relations. BILL WEDDERBURN takes a look at the Tory statements on what they would do about strikes – and finds a script for industrial breakdown.

PLANS TO REFORM trade union law, which are set out in the Tory manifesto, pose a serious threat not only to trade unions, but also to good industrial relations.

1. Peaceful picketing in trade disputes must be 'limited to *those in dispute* picketing *at their own place of work*'. Since 1906, Parliament has declared that it is 'lawful' for *any* person to picket peacefully 'at or near *any* place' (except, now, a private residence) so long as they act in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute. Even the Industrial Relations Act 1971 left that formula intact. The Tory plan to return to the law as it was in 1905 is a bizarre but dangerous plan, unlikely to be acceptable to British workers in 1979.

2. People who are 'not concerned in the [trade] dispute' must be protected from 'secondary action (picketing, blacking and blockading)'. How? On January 16, Mrs Thatcher and Mr Prior told the Commons they would repeal the Act passed by Labour in 1976 which amended the 1974 Trade Union and Labour Relations Act. This would make trade unionists liable for interfering with commercial contracts, and – as already explained (NS 26 January) – would make unlawful not just *'secondary'* action (a term few lawyers would care to try and define) but also *primary* industrial action. Every strike, every go-slow, every work-to-rule would risk being illegal. The Tories know that. That is why this second proposal is now rather vague – 'such amendment as may be appropriate of the 1976 legislation'. Remember – it was for interference with contracts that the dockers' shop stewards were imprisoned in 1972.

3. 'No union card can mean no job.' (It sometimes can; but how often? Far less often than the media imply.) So, 'people arbitrarily excluded or expelled from any union' must be able to go to court. In 1973 the Tory Industrial Court seized the funds of the AUEW for 'arbitrarily' excluding a worker from the union. What on earth is meant by 'arbitrarily'?

4. Non-unionists with a 'personal conviction' must be given *'ample* compensation' (not just ordinary damages?) if they are dismissed from their jobs as a result of a closed shop. What is a 'personal conviction'? Dislike of trade unions? That would be absurd. Unlike voluntary conciliation or arbitration procedures, any *law* which tries to give protection to those who refuse to join a union on 'reasonable grounds' must define in greater detail what one Industrial Tribunal in 1976 called this 'political' question. Objectors on religious grounds are, of course, already protected.

5. *All* agreements for a closed shop must be 'in line with the best practice' industrially, and concluded 'only if an overwhelming majority of the workers involved vote for it in a secret ballot'. How many? Seventy per cent? Forty per cent? The Tories have had five years to decide the figure; yet they don't tell us. The proposal is to be introduced by a 'statutory Code'. Such a Code is very different from a voluntary code of conduct agreed between the TUC and the Government. Statutory codes are not binding by themselves; obviously the *law* must enforce them. How? By imprisoning managers and trade unionists who refuse to accept the obligation to obtain some majority vote in a ballot? The attempt to phase out the legality of 100 per cent union membership failed between 1971 and 1974; in that period there was an *increase* in the number of closed shop agreements. The new proposals would not fare better; but they would be an irritant in workplace relations between workers and employers.

6. 'We will not permit a closed shop in the non-industrial civil service.' Never? Even after a 99 per cent majority in a secret ballot?

7. They 'will resist further moves towards it in the newspaper industry'. How? By adopting Lord Denning's recent invention of a common law right of 'freedom of the press' that seems to operate only against trade unions?

8. They want 'wider use of secret ballot' for union elections and for making union decisions and will provide public funds for postal ballots 'for union elections and *other important issues*'. Which other issues? Of course, they mean – but dare not say – strikes. The Donovan Report confirmed in 1968 that ballots not only make strikes more likely; they also frequently delay settlements because a ballot must then also be held to approve the return to work.

9. Finally, 'unions must bear their fair share of the cost of supporting these members who are on strike'. So, there must be a review of benefits 'to strikers *and their families*'. Mr Prior elaborated: Unions would be 'deemed' to have paid 'about £9 a week' in strike pay and that would be deducted from social security payments, including benefits to workers' dependants. The *children* of parents on strike are to be punished more for the 'sins' of their parents than those whose parents are in prison. Moreover, social security benefits have been shown to have relatively little importance in prolonging strikes. Who is to *tell* the social security authorities that a worker is on strike? Who else but employers? And they will not thank a Government that makes them 'sneak' on workers with whom they have to live long after a dispute is over. Worse, the scheme is bound to end up in the courts. What *is* a 'strike'? Suppose an employer deducts part of workers' wages in face of a two-week work-to-rule? Lawyers will earn large fees arguing for weeks about whether an ostensibly 'unofficial' stoppage had 'implied' authority from the union's officials.

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Rome Diary

☐ People are getting used to the bombs and scarcely bother to turn in their beds when they hear the police cars rush by almost nightly with their sirens blaring. There was yet another bang on Monday night, but it took the police an hour and a half to trace the bombers' target. It was the 'urban guerrillas' themselves who phoned to say they had blown up seven of the biggest Roman salami manufacturers' trucks: 'This is "guerrilla communista", we have just struck that starver of the people . . .' The justification was intriguing: 'The control of food chains', say the terrorists in their leaflets, 'has become one of the areas of worst exploitation and control by the bosses of the proletarian masses'. For the first time terrorists are using bombs for consumer protection. The guilty salami, they claim, is made of meat rejects 'and contains carcinogenous chemical additives which are fatal for the human organism'.

☐ With elections coming up in June, what can you expect? Sixteen arrests up and down the country and all the top ideologues of the ultra-left have been thrown in jail. A Padua Professor of Philosophy is accused of taking part in the Moro kidnap. The charges of 'inciting to the practice of so-called mass illegality' lump the backwoods of university rebellion, the ill-organised, amorphous so-called worker's autonomy, together with the rigid, militaristic hierarchy of the Red Brigades. The accused are supposed to be leaders of both organisations. The charges even include membership of a group which had schismed itself out of existence years ago. The hundreds of free radios are crackling away in protest. Here in Rome *Red Waves* says it's just a pre-election bluff. It may or may not be a police coup, but it is also a tactic of repression by attrition. In January there were 20 arrests at the local *Radio Proletariat* and the last lot were only released last week – they could pin nothing on them. Much speculation on the arrests in the favourite dives of Roman counter-culture.

☐ All the parties are preparing for elections which nobody wanted. The radicals are already queuing outside 40 town halls to make sure they appear as number one on the electoral bills. The Communists held a stately revival at their General Congress in Rome. No new faces as the leadership has been frozen till after the polls and Enrico Berlinguer, as secretary, got his usual ovation. He was conciliatory, but others were less so: 'What we need is a good stint in opposition.' You could almost see the relief on the delegates' faces. Three years propping up Christian Democrat governments and what has the PCI got in exchange? It is too awkward a question to ask on the eve of elections. The congress had its novelties. For the first time in 20 years the Chinese had sent a delegation. The delegate from Peking smiled broadly and proclaimed himself 'enthusiastic'. Voting was public and there, for all the world to see, the party split into majorities and minorities – an unprecedented spectacle of democracy. There was a particularly close vote over the word 'sexuality', in reference to the brand new thesis on the oppression of women. The PCI has recognised that the class struggle will not automatically liberate women – so the feminists have scored a point.

☐ Rome's latest *scandalo* is an ugly blow to the country's last bastion of probity, the Central Bank of Italy. The bank's Vice-Director has just spent 11 days in jail and the Governor himself only escaped imprisonment thanks to his 'advanced age'. The plot thickens by the day, with an Italian thriller's complete cast of characters. Two days before the judiciary moved in on the bank a mysterious magazine editor was shot dead in his car. Among the veiled threats, nasty gossip and leaks from the secret services published on his pages, he had been waging a year-long campaign against the Central Bank and its Governor. One of the two magistrates in charge of the case turns out to be an informer of the editor and even had an interview with him the very day he was killed. The other judge is a member of the neo-fascist MSI party. This reassuring duo have launched a rather one-sided crusade, since industrialist Nino Rovelli (the man who benefited from the Bank's 'complicity' in giving credit on excessively easy terms) is still free to run his debt-ridden chemical empire and show off his remarkable similarity to Clark Gable to the Italian photographers. The politics of *L'Affaire* Bank of Italy are as intriguing as the rest: the strongest champions of the Central Bank and its Governor are the Communist Party. Doubtless the Governor had made enemies. He and the Director of the Bank's watchdog department, which keeps an eye on the other banks, had just uncovered a colossal fraud involving huge payments to the governing parties from the secret funds of Italy's nationalised central savings bank, *Italcasse*. It is difficult to say whose electoral campaign all this could be part of. The stakes are high and they are playing a very dangerous game. Luckily for the *lira*, Italians know how to live with scandals.

☐'It's been an absolutely splendid Easter!' Marco Pannella, Radical Party leader, political firebrand and 'Libertarian socialist', was wiping his brow in the heat of St Peter's Square – a strange place to find the champion of legal abortion and the enemy of clerical privilege on an Easter Sunday. He had just led in a 10,000 strong march 'for life, peace and disarmament' which had literally melted away among the 300,000 pilgrims packed into the square for the Easter blessing of Pope John Paul II. All the top brass of the well-wishing Left had followed Pannella. There were venerable intellectuals, feminists, a newspaper editor and the leader of the Neapolitan unemployed with his baby in his arms. Even Susannah Agnelli was there and the President himself had sponsored the march. The Pope, however, ignored them. He discoursed about world conflicts and blessed the masses in 30 different languages. The Vatican paper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, had already reproached Pannella with hypocrisy: 'The fight should be for all life, even that which is conceived but not yet born'; the radicals are not sincere, according to the Vatican, because they are not fighting 'against legal abortion'. John Paul II himself makes no secret of the fact he roundly condemns all the things which Pannella has always fought for: birth-control, abortion, even divorce. But Pannella's enthusiasm for the Pope is irrepressible. Paraphrasing Napoleon, he said exultantly: 'God has given him to us and woe to those who would try to touch him!'

☐ The Pope is doing very well indeed. Recent popularity polls put John Paul II well ahead of all predecessors since the war except John XXIII. Not even in holy year were Paul VI's audiences so packed. In order to welcome a crowd of 60,000 John Paul II has held an open-air audience in St Peter's Square. Preferring a sporty open Toyota, painted yellow and white with the Vatican colours, to the Vatican limousines, he was driven round the square distributing handshakes and blessings to the ecstatic crowd. The 'smiling pope', however, is tough enough when it comes to doctrine. On the eve of Good Friday the clergy were exhorted to remember their vows of celibacy. Obviously there will be no married priests under this papacy. Meanwhile the desks of what was the holy office or the Inquisition, and is now more diplomatically called the 'Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith', are choked with thousands of applications for the pontifical 'grace' which releases priests from their vows. After six months in office, Pope John Paul has granted only one, though Paul VI had granted as many as 2,000 'graces' a year.

☐ The aesthetic sensibilities of Giulio Carlo Argan, international art expert and also Rome's Communist-elected mayor, must have suffered yet another blow. The banks of the the Tiber both upstream and downstream of the seven hills are being wrapped in tons of ugly concrete. He can scarcely have found time to stop the cement mixers before being overwhelmed by another urgent problem. In the face of Rome's acute housing shortage, a young magistrate has had 511 vacant flats seized. He is charging the owners with 'hoarding' a commodity which is a public necessity. The builders are in an uproar but the flats have been passed on to the mayor, who now has to distribute them.

Tana de Zulueta

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ But Narindar Saroop, who is 'Mr Saroop' when he lunches at the Carlton and 'Major Saroop' when he dines at the Cavalry Club, does not think there is anything rum about Greenwich being represented by 'an Englishman of Punjabi extraction,' as he likes to describe himself. He explains; 'I eat Tandoori chicken sitting cross-legged on an Indian carpet, wearing a monocle and singing "God Save The Queen".' – *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

☐ Two garden gnomes were evicted from their idyllic surroundings and hurled through a Cockfosters window last week. They were ousted from their setting in Gloucester Gardens by a 45-year-old man who thought he was in Hounslow. – *Enfield Weekly Herald* (Ian Wilson)

☐ Kidderminster 'caveman' Harold Fisher was turned down when he tried to claim social security benefit, Worcester Crown Court heard. Officials decided that his cave in the woods at Wolverley was not a permanent address, said his barrister, Mr Gareth Evans. – *Shropshire Star* (D. R. Scharf)

Letters to the editor

Pressure of election news has caused the Letters page to be unavoidably held over this week. It will, however, return in bumper form next week, with new revelations about Kipling.

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British Transport Docks Board

1978 Results

Salient points from statement by Chairman, Sir Humphrey Browne, CBE:

- **Cargoes handled up by 1.7m tonnes**
- **Profitability £29.7m (1977 £29m)**
- **Return on capital 16.9 per cent (1977 16.8 per cent)**
- **Increased stevedoring activities**
- **Further advance repayment of capital debt – no borrowing from Government since 1972**
- **Investment programme stepped up**

Results year ended 31st December, 1978

	1978 £ million	1977 £ million
Gross revenue	**119.9**	110.5
Profit before interest	**29.7**	29.0
Return on capital	**16.9%**	16.8%
Net profit after replacement cost depreciation (based on movement in Retail Price Index) and interest before tax	**14.6**	15.2
Tax (a) payable	**8.9**	6.6
(b) deferred	**(1.3)**	1.3
Net profit after tax	**7.0**	7.3

		1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	**1978**
Capital investment financed internally	%	52.7	67.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	**100.0**
Return on capital	%	5.6	6.1	7.6	7.8	8.0	15.5	16.8	**16.9**

A copy of the Report and Accounts 1978 is available from the Secretary, British Transport Docks Board, Melbury House, Melbury Terrace, London NW1 6JY. Tel: 01-486 6621. Ext. 6492

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

What a performance

It is not in my frivolous nature to look on the black side of things for very long, although there has recently, both in our own dishevelled land and elsewhere, been reason enough for acute glumness. But 'there's a silver lining' the poetess rightly informs us (in this case, Lena Guilbert Ford) 'through the dark cloud shining' and though her message was enshrined in a 1914 wartime injunction, made memorable by Ivor's music, to keep the home fires burning (till the boys come home) it holds good for other occasions and telly buffs will have grasped eagerly an unexpected 'repeat' treat, a silver lining indeed, provided one Saturday afternoon a week or so ago by the BBC. I am of course referring to the performance, in old-fashioned black-and-white though so vivid was it that it seemed to glow richly with colour, of that immensely tuneful and merry musical film, *Naughty Marietta*, starring chunky Nelson Eddy in full voice and somehow pleasingly reminiscent, so blond and baritoney, of Mr Heath, and the world's singing favourite, Jeanette MacDonald, every canine and incisor on view and a gleaming glittering advertisement for both Pepsodent and healthy living.

The film's lyrics, the tasteful work of Rita Johnson Young, contain what are my favourite five words assembled in poetic form. They are put, and confidently put, into the mouth of lovesick Mr Eddy as, alone in a boat with Miss MacDonald, they drift together down a river and down Love's Pathway too. Gazing at the radiant vision, all coy smiles and fragrant womanhood, before him, Mr Eddy inflates his lungs while the violins begin to scrape and, after preparing the ground with lesser words, boldly lets fly with the line 'My spirits are truly unruly', a statement which not only rhymes rather cleverly but which furnishes such a succinct summary of his throbbing emotions at the time. They don't for some reason make films like this any longer and more's the pity. A question hovers in the mind. For whom can the BBC intend these rather outmoded and esoteric filmic pleasures? Perhaps there are many more droopy old buffers like myself about than one imagines. If so, hooray.

A fondness for, and familiarity with, the altogether easier kinds of poetry has been with me since about the age of five. In what I see now to have been a disastrously encouraging educational programme, I was urged from a very early age, and by grown-ups who should have known better but who must have had some morbid kind of death wish, to get up and recite, and for recitations one required poetry. Nor was poetry all. I could manage worse than poetry. Individual singing was welcomed at my prep school, where the adults must also have been gluttons for punishment, and those of us who learnt the piano learnt also how to accompany ourselves, while vocally inspired, at the school upright. We practised, keen to show off, assiduously and every holiday I took home with me, so to speak, a freshly learnt song of the 'Early One Morning' or 'Funiculi Funicula' kind and, scarcely off the train and disentangled from my mother's embrace, I would move confidently to the Bechstein and give tongue in what was obviously a totally repellent manner. How appalled she must have been by this but, never one to be unkind or discouraging, she bore all stoically, though I do seem to remember her sometimes absenting herself and listening from another room ('I shall hear you perfectly, dear').

And now, impossible to shake off and firmly with one for what remains of life's journey, are the jolly jingles and the verse, good and bad, of childhood, the recitation pieces that sometimes found even the greatest of poets in less ponderous mood, almost playful even and with Alfred Lord Tennyson himself no exception. The first world war on the home front was a prime time for charity concerts and silver collections for service comfort funds, and a child reciter was, it seems, a pleasing and welcome spectacle, for how else to explain the fact that a small girl, Mary White, and I, both aged seven, were so much in demand at that time in the Barnes area? Learning by heart was no bother at all and we each had a small repertoire of acceptable poems. Mary's smash hit was 'Cradle Song', a charming lightweight from the said Laureate's pen and beginning with the line 'What does little birdie say in her nest at peep of day?' For those whose memory of the poem has become dimmed, let me explain that birdie wants, naturally, to fly away, a premature course of action wisely counselled against by the mother bird. 'Birdie' then gives place to 'baby', also wishful to run before it can walk, and with the same restraining result. It was a short poem and it always went to storms of applause but try as I may I could never get Mary to agree that the piece would gain even more in appeal if she would lisp it. 'What doth little birdie thay in her netht at peep of day?' would give the thing, though I didn't put it quite like that, an extra dimension. But my co-star was huffy. She didn't, she coldly explained, lisp – a feeble argument. Instinct told me that she was missing a fine chance here. And if she changed 'her' to 'his' she could get in another lisp (hith).

Never mind. Lisped or not, 'Cradle Song' was a safe starter for our section of the programme. When the last plaudits were dying away (Mary's mother, prominently placed in Row B, formed a valuable one-women claque) I assumed what I hoped was a pleasing and modest expression and, advancing to the front of the platform, let rip a blatant tear-jerker, Cibber's 'The Blind Boy'. When originally 'doing' this poem, a kind teacher had, with an eye to the dramatic effect, advised me to pretend to grope and stumble my way blindly forward and, while reciting, try to look sightlessly into the middle distance, but attempts to achieve this moving helplessness produced nothing but a rather tipsy walk coupled with such an appalling and alarming squint that the audience tittered uncontrollably, and it was certainly not titters that I was after. I soon abandoned such risky procedures and just closed my eyes in a sympathetic manner. From the very first line – 'O say what is this thing call'd Light?', a respectful silence fell, for the hospitals of nearby Roehampton were no strangers to blinded soldiers, parties of whom could be seen occasionally sunning themselves on Barnes Common. And then, in happier vein, Mary and I joined forces for Kipling's 'Where are you going to all you big steamers?', a tactful tribute to our gallant navies, merchant and otherwise, with Mary posing the various questions and looking wistful but with not, little fool, a lisp in her, and me providing the hearty and reassuring answers, hitching up my bags and every inch the jolly jack tar. When I say that for the concert I appeared, as did many young children in those days, in a sailor suit, the entirely repulsive nature of my contribution will be apparent. Tea with the mayor or his representative, and sometimes a present of chocs, closed the afternoon. The conception that the entertainment had ever been anything but perfectly executed never once crossed my sadly confident little mind.

And then in my first year at Oundle there was again nothing but encouragement to be poetically up and doing. First year boys took part in a class called 'Repetition' on the stage of the school hall. This involved acting scenes from Shakespeare and elsewhere, but with a novel approach. Everybody had to join in, irrespective of the size of the cast and so there would be eight Hamlets speaking in unison and three Ophelias and six Horatios and two (quite enough) Gertrudes. Five Shylocks found themselves being looked straight in the eye by nine Portias. This method encouraged the faint-hearted and shed the dramatic load. It also allowed everybody to tread the boards in an important role. A splendid idea. What other school would ever have thought of *that*?

Roger Woddis

A slight amendment

The National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers conference at Eastbourne agreed to delete the word 'passionate' from a motion on corporal punishment.

This conference now reaffirms –
let us be careful of our terms –
its passionate – um, ardent? – view –
no, neither of those words will do.
Of course, we want to keep the cane
but after all we *are* humane,
and therefore we should not exalt
our love of legalised assault.

No, what we really need's a phrase
that sounds restrained and yet conveys
why some – nay, most, – of us are bent
on using corporal punishment.
So – passion's out – but how about
'Our right to give a kid a clout
is on occasion justified,
and may include infanticide.'

You murmur? You do not approve?
Then this perhaps – 'We hereby move
that smarting seats and broken skin
are normal forms of discipline,
and beating them with lengths of wood
not only does the children good,
but also wonders for our glands.'
Will those in favour raise their hands?

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LAW & ORDER

An open letter to all General Election candidates from the Police Federations of the United Kingdom

The Police Federation,
15-17 Langley Road,
Surbiton Surrey KT6 6LP.
Telephone: 01-399 2224.

Dear Candidate,

We wish to place before you policies formulated by the elected representatives of those who, in the course of their daily duty, face the crime and violence which has become endemic to our society.

As a prospective Member of Parliament you will no doubt encounter questions concerning the role of our police forces and debate matters which involve the liberty and security of our fellow citizens. We feel sure that all who responsibly aspire to represent others by election to Parliament will be seriously concerned with the intolerable growth of serious crime.

Facts which Speak for Themselves

Over two and a half million indictable crimes were recorded by the police in 1978; five times the 1948 total.

Crimes of violence, such as mugging, armed robbery, wounding, increased again by 6% in 1978.

Juvenile crime has reached such proportions that 75% of all those known to have been responsible for crime were under the age of twenty one.

Over 12,000 cases of assaults against police officers on duty occurred in 1978.

Is this remarkable when the average cost of police services is 38½p per week per head of the population, compared to £2.69p for education and £2.15p for defence?

We Believe

There is no excuse for crime. Our laws and courts must reflect that concept.

Crimes of violence must be met with the severest penalties.

The powers of Juvenile Courts must be restored to allow them to determine the appropriate punishment for offenders. Sufficient secure accommodation must be provided for those sentenced to detention.

It is the duty of Government and politicians to uphold the rule of law and to support the police in their efforts to apply it.

The best insurance against crime is the existence of a properly manned, well equipped, trained and efficient police service.

Since 1975 the Police Federations have been conducting a campaign to draw attention to these crucial questions.

We urge you to give the deepest consideration to our views and to lend support to our proposals.

Yours faithfully,

James Jardine

James Jardine

on behalf of the Police Federations of the United Kingdom

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Joseph Heller

Good As Gold

Bruce Gold, an opportunist left-wing pundit, writes a penetrating review of the President's My Year in the White House. *Ralph Newsome, an old friend (and now a Presidential aide), has telephoned Gold with the offer of a prominent job in the White House . . .*

Everything in Ralph Newsome's office in Washington had a bright shine but the seat of his pants. Gold had been greeted at the elevators by a young girl with pretty face who turned him over to a stunning woman near thirty with brushed black hair and a sheer, very expensive dress that clung bewitchingly to her incredibly supple figure, who conducted him at length to Ralph's secretary, a sunny, flirtatious woman of arresting sensual warmth who won his heart instantly with her seductive cordiality and caressing handshake. Everything in view gleamed with a polished intensity that made electric lighting, on these premises, seem superfluous.

Ralph had aged hardly at all. He was tall and straight, with languid movements, freckles, and reddish-brown hair parted on the side. What Gold remembered most clearly about Ralph was that he never needed a haircut or ever looked as though he'd had one. He wore a tapered, monogrammed shirt and his trousers looked freshly pressed. He was still, somehow, the only graduate of Princeton University Gold or anyone Gold knew had ever met.

'I hope you had fun last night,' Ralph opened innocently. 'This town is just bursting with good-looking women who will do almost anything for a good time.'

Gold curtly answered, 'I was tired when I got in. I wanted a rest.'

This was a lie. Rather, he had spent the evening roaming dismally from one public room of his hotel to another, hoping in vain that someone might recognise him and take him somewhere else to girls as lovely as any of the three who'd just welcomed him.

'Gosh, Bruce, I'm happy to see you again,' Ralph said. 'It's just like old times again, isn't it?' Gold was silent. It was not at all like old times. 'The President will be pleased I'm seeing you today, if he ever finds out. You sure do boggle his mind. He has a framed copy of your review of his *My Year in the White House* under the glass top of his desk in the Oval Office so he can reread it all day long during vital conversations on agriculture, housing, money, starvation, health, education, and welfare, and other matters in which he has no interest.' Ralph was in earnest. 'I'm told he already has a blowup of your proverb "Nothing Succeeds as Planned" on a wall of his breakfast room right beside a quotation from Pliny. It's a daily reminder not to attempt to do too much.'

Gold was guarded in his reply. 'I'm glad,' he said and hesitated. 'There's still much about his book I don't understand.'

'That's one of the things he likes best about your review. He was afraid you might see through him.'

'See through him?' Gold shifted his feet uneasily.

'Well, we all knew he really didn't have much to write about his one year in the White House, especially since he was so busy writing about it. He probably wants you here as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements, although he probably doesn't want you making any yet. That much is definite.'

'Working as what?' asked Gold.

'As anything you want, Bruce. You can have your choice of anything that's open that we're willing to let you have. At the moment, there's nothing.'

'Ralph, you aren't really telling me anything. Realistically, how far can I go?'

'To the top,' answered Ralph. 'You might even start there. Sometimes we have openings at the top and none at the bottom. I think we can bypass spokesman and senior official and start you higher, unless we can't. You're much too famous to be used anonymously, although not many people know who you are. Got anything else in the works?'

'I'm doing a book for Pomoroy and Lieberman and there's a short piece on education I have in mind.'

'How I envy you,' Ralph murmured. Gold eyed him with hostility. 'What's the book about?'

The question gripped Gold by the throat. 'About people in America, Ralph, about Jewish people.'

'I gather you're in favour. I would rush that one out while there's still time.'

'Still time for what?"

'Still time to risk it. The article on education should help. We'll be organising another Presidential commission on education soon and you'll be appointed.' Ralph buzzed his intercom. 'Dusty, darling, bring in our file on Dr Gold, will you?'

'Sure thing, honey.' The beautiful woman gave Ralph a folder containing a pad on which was written absolutely nothing. 'Here you are sweetheart.'

'Thanks, love.'

'She's gorgeous,' said Gold, when she left. 'And Dusty is an exciting nickname.'

'That's her real name. Her nickname is Sweets.'

'You didn't call her Sweets.'

'In a government office?' Ralph chided benevolently. 'Now, let's see where we are.' Ralph addressed himself to the blank pad and wrote *spokesman, source,* and *senior official.* 'We considered beginning you as a press aide, but one of the first things the boys from the press would want to know would be where does someone like you come off being a press aide. Would you like to work as a secretary?'

'It's a far cry from what I had in mind,' said Gold stiffly. 'I can't type.'

'Oh, not *that* kind of secretary,' Ralph laughed. 'I mean –' he groped – 'what do you call it? The Cabinet. You wouldn't have to type or take shorthand. You'd have girls like Dusty and Rusty and Misty to do that for you. Would you like to be in the Cabinet?'

Gold was more than mollified. 'Ralph, is that really possible?' he asked incredulously.

'I don't see why not,' was Ralph's reply. 'Although you might have to start as an under.'

'An under?'

'An under is a little bit over a deputy and assistant, I think, but not yet an associate. Unless it's the other way round. Nobody seems sure any more.'

'Could I really begin as an undersecretary?'

'In Washington, Bruce, you rise quickly and can't fall very far. How would you like to be Secretary of Labour?'

Gold, on firmer ground now, hesitated deliberately before evincing repugnance. 'I think not.'

'I can't say I blame you. How about Secretary of the Interior?'

'That sounds rather dark.'

'I believe they work with coal mines. Transportation?'

Gold made a face. 'That smacks of labour.'

'Commerce?'

'It sounds a little bit like peddling.'

'You're showing excellent judgment. What about Ambassador to the UN?'

'Don't make me laugh.'

'What do you think about Secretary of the Treasury?'

Gold pricked up his ears. 'What do you think?'

'It has more tone.'

'What would I have to do?'

'I think I could find out. Harris Rosenblatt would know. Most of them are very rich and seem to care about money.'

'I care about money.'

'But they know about it.'

Gold declined with regret. 'I'm not sure I'd be comfortable. I'm supposed to be something of a pacifist and a radical reformer.'

'But a conservative radical reformer, Bruce,' Ralph reminded.

'That's true.'

'Imagine what a blessing it might be to have you in the Department of Defence.'

Gold had an inspiration. 'How about Secretary of Defence?'

'That's good, Bruce. Especially for a pacifist.'

'But I'm only a pacifist in times of peace.'

'We'll put it down.' Ralph added to his list. 'And then there's head of the FBI or CIA to consider.'

'Would I have to carry a gun?'

Ralph didn't believe so and wrote those down too. 'These are all good, Bruce. Someone with your flair for publicity could probably get your name in the newspapers almost as often as the Secretary of State.'

'What about Secretary of State?' asked Gold.

'That's a thought,' said Ralph.

'Wouldn't I have to know anything?'

'Absolutely not,' Ralph answered, and appeared astounded that Gold even should ask. 'In government, Bruce, experience doesn't count and knowledge isn't important. If there's one lesson of value to be learned from the past, Bruce, it's to grab what you want when the chance comes to get it.'

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Gold asked with distress, 'Is that good for the world?'

'Nothing's good for the world, Bruce. I thought you knew that. You've more or less said the same in that last piece of yours. Now, Bruce,' Ralph continued awkwardly, 'I have to be honest. You might have to get a better wife.'

'Than Belle?' Gold was elated.

'I'm sorry.' Ralph was solemn. 'Belle would be okay for Labour or Agriculture. But not for Secretary of State or Defence.'

'Belle and I have not been close,' Gold confided.

'In that case I'm happy,' said Ralph. 'Try someone tall this time, Bruce. You're rather short, you know. It would add to your stature if you had a tall wife.'

'Wouldn't a tall wife make me look smaller?' inquired Gold.

'No,' said Ralph. 'You would make *her* look taller. And that would add more to your stature and make her look smaller. Andrea Conover would be perfect.'

'I'm seeing her tonight. Is she tall enough?'

'Oh, easily. And her father is a dying career diplomat with tons of money and the best connections. Propose.'

'Tonight?' Gold demurred with a laugh. 'I haven't seen her for seven years.'

'So what?' Ralph laughed back in encouragement. 'You can always get a divorce. Andrea's doing a great job with the Oversight Committee on Government Expenditures. She's the reason we can't make personal phone calls any more. You know, Bruce –' Gold rose when Ralph did – 'these are really our golden years, that period when men like us are appealing to all classes of women between 16 and 65. I hope you're making the most of them. A lot of them go for your kind.'

'My kind?' Whatever currents of euphoria had been coursing through Gold's veins congealed.

'Yes,' said Ralph.

'What do you mean by my kind?' Gold asked Ralph.

'The kind of person you are, Bruce. Why?'

'As opposed to what other kinds, Ralph.'

'The kinds of person you aren't, Bruce. Why do you ask?'

'Oh, never mind,' said Gold and then decided to take the inky plunge. 'Lieberman thinks you're anti-Semitic.'

Ralph was stunned. 'Me?' His voice was hurt and astonished. 'Bruce, I would feel just awful if I thought I ever did or said a single thing to give you that impression.'

Ralph was sincere and Gold was contrite. 'You haven't, Ralph. I'm sorry I brought it up.'

'Thank you, Bruce.' Ralph was placated, and his handsome face fairly shone with grace when he grinned. 'Why, I copied your papers at Columbia. You practically put me through graduate school. It's just that I really don't feel Lieberman is an especially nice person.'

'He isn't.' Gold laughed. 'And I've known him all my life.'

The strain gone, Ralph said, 'Let me take these notes to Dusty and have her type them up. We've really covered a lot of ground today, haven't we?'

Gold was not certain, but never in his lifetime had he felt more sanguine about his prospects. He glanced out the window at official Washington and caught a glimpse of heaven. Through the doorway, the view of the open office space was a soothing pastoral, with vistas of modular desks dozing tranquilly under indirect fluorescent lighting that never flickered: there were shoulder-high partitions of translucent glass, other offices across the way as imposing as Ralph's, and the dreamlike stirrings of contented people at work who were in every respect impeccable. The women all were sunny and chic – not a single one was overweight – the men wore jackets and ties, and every trouser leg was properly creased. If there was a worm at the core in this Garden of Eden, it escaped the cynical inspection of Gold, who could find detritus and incipient decay everywhere. Gold could look through a grapefruit and tell if it was pink.

'You'll like it here, won't you?' said Ralph, reading his mind.

'Is it always like this?'

'Oh, yes,' Ralph assured him. 'It's always like this when it's this way.'

Gold succeeded in speaking without sarcasm. 'How is it when it isn't?'

'Isn't what, Bruce?'

'This way.'

'Different.'

'In what way, Ralph?'

'In different ways, Bruce, unless they're the same, in which case it's this way.'

'Ralph,' Gold had to ask, 'don't people here laugh or smile when you talk that way?'

'What way, Bruce?'

'You seem to qualify or contradict all your statements.'

'I have to be honest. You might have to get a better wife . . . Try someone tall this time, Bruce. You're rather short, you know. It would add to your stature if you had a tall wife.'

'Wouldn't a tall wife make me look smaller?' inquired Gold.

'No,' said Ralph. 'You would make *her* look taller. And that would add more to your stature and make her look smaller.'

'Do I?' Ralph considered the matter intently. 'Maybe I do seem a bit oxymoronic at times. I think everyone here talks that way. Maybe we're all oxymoronic. One time, though, at a high-level meeting, I did say something everyone thought was funny. "Let's build some death camps," I said. And everyone laughed. I still can't figure out why. I was being serious.'

'I think it's time for me to go,' said Gold.

'I'm afraid it is. I'd give just about anything to lunch with you, Bruce, but I can't pass up the chance to eat alone. It's a pity you can't stay through the weekend, although I can't see how that would make any difference. Alma would love to have you out to see her terrarium, but Ellie would be upset.'

'Alma?'

'My wife.'

'What happened to Kelly?'

'I think you mean Ellie.'

'Yes?'

'She got a year older, Bruce. And there was that thin scar from her Caesarean. Ellie would prefer that Alma and I don't start entertaining as a married couple until people first find out I've been divorced.' To the blonde woman outside his office Ralph said, 'Dusty, please tell Rusty and Misty I'll be showing Dr Gold to the elevator myself. Ask Christy to step inside my office. Tell her I'm horny.'

'Sure, love. Bye, sweetheart.'

'Who's Christy?' Gold asked.

'The nice-looking one. I don't think you've seen her.'

'And what's all this Dr Gold shit?'

Ralph lowered his voice. 'It makes a better impression. Everyone knows professors don't make much money and doctors do. Oooooops – there goes one. Did you see that beautiful ass? Bruce, give my love to Andrea. You might find her a trifle prudish, but she's really as good as gold. It wasn't easy being the only child of Pugh Biddle Conover with all those riches and horses. They ride them, you know.' Ralph pronounced this last detail as though describing a tasteless and unhealthy practice. 'And give my love to Belle too. How are the children?'

'Fine. One is still at home.'

'That's too bad,' said Ralph. 'Let me give you some good advice, Bruce, from an unofficial opinion of the US Supreme Court. It was seven to one, with the other member abstaining because he was under heavy anaesthesia. When you get your divorce, don't fight for custody of the children, or even visitation rights. Make them all ask to come to you. Otherwise they'll think they're doing you a favour by letting you spend time with them, which you will quickly discover they are not.'

Nearing the elevators, Gold could contain his curiosity no longer. 'Ralph!' he said, his fingers clenching nervously, 'what do you do here?'

'Work, Bruce. Why?'

'I need some assurance, Ralph, don't I? Before I start making changes, don't you think I ought to find out a few things?'

'I don't see why not.'

'What kind of job do you have?'

'A good one, Bruce.'

'What do you do?'

'What I'm supposed to.'

'Well, what's your position exactly?'

'I'm in the inner circle, Bruce.'

'Does that mean you can't talk about it?'

'Oh, no. I can tell you everything. What would you like to know?'

'Well, who do you work for?'

'My superiors.'

'Do you have any authority?'

'Oh, yes. A great deal.'

'Over who?'

'My subordinates. I can do whatever I want once I get permission from my superiors. I'm my own boss. After all, I'm not really my own boss.'

'Well,' said Gold, 'what are my chances?'

'As good as they ought to be.'

'No better?' Gold inquired facetiously.

'Not at this time.'

'When should I get in touch with you?'

'When I call you,' said Ralph. 'Pugh Biddle Conover can help while's he's alive,' Ralph shouted into the elevator car as the doors were closing.

Gold's mind was shimmering with fantasies of approaching eminence as the car descended. Secretary of State? Head of the CIA? A voice inside cautioned, *Zei nisht naarish*. Where does someone like you come off being Secretary of State? What's so crazy? he answered it brashly. It's happened to bigger *schmucks* than me.

By the time he was outside, only one disquieting thought survived. He'd been fawning.

Good as Gold is published this week by Jonathan Cape at £4.95. It will be reviewed in the NS next week.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Paul Addison

Smiling Through

Ministry of Morale: Home Front Morale and the Ministry of Information in World War II
by IAN MCLAINE *Allen & Unwin* £9.95

Ian McLaine has a difficult job on his hands. He wants us to take a deep breath and think seriously about a subject which in the past has usually triggered off rude laughter, gasps of disbelief, and outbreaks of satire. The Ministry of Information was, of course, our equivalent in World War II of Goebbels's Ministry of Propaganda. From the day it was set up misfortunes rained upon its head and for a long time it was the plumpest of all sitting ducks in Whitehall, a guileless creature that was any man's meat. Tommy Handley poked fun at it; it was plucked bare by Evelyn Waugh in *Put Out More Flags*; and Beaverbrook had it roasted on a spit in the *Express*. The unkindest cut was left to Orwell, who turned its headquarters at Senate House into the bleak skyscraper which housed the Ministry of Truth in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

After the war an invisible understanding grew up to the effect that as the Ministry had been a ghastly embarrassment it was best not to remember too much about it, or insist on its contribution to victory. Other departments, including such wartime irregulars as Food and Aircraft Production, had their portraits painted in the shape of official histories blessed by the Cabinet Office. But the archives of the Ministry of Information were left on the shelf and, as Dr McLaine has discovered, sections of them were allowed to disappear. As for the staff, they followed the lead of one of their ministers, Duff Cooper, who could recall very little of the experience in his memoirs, *Old Men Forget*.

This provoking gap in the record has now been remedied by Dr McLaine in a first-class analysis. Patiently constructing a path through the morass of wartime verbiage, he has given us a forceful and revealing book – admirably readable and concise, rich in detail and strong in judgment. The poor old Ministry rises again with its faults glaringly documented, but refreshingly Dr McLaine has discovered some forgotten virtues which he generously emphasises.

At first his subject looks a narrow one. Unlike its German counterpart, the Ministry had no control over propaganda to enemy or occupied countries, and while it did handle overseas publicity for neutral and allied states and the British Empire, *Ministry of Morale* is not intended to provide a substitute for the offical history that never was. Dr McLaine confines himself to domestic propaganda and the home front. But this in fact was the heart of the Ministry's work, and the implications of the story are considerable. Dr McLaine's book exemplifies the transition from the Establishment of the 1930s and the mentality of the Means Test to the Establishment of the 1940s and the mentality of the Festival of Britain. The Ministry, Dr McLaine argues, was a product of the 1930s and its early failures reflected the social distance of the upper classes from the rest of the country. But under the pressure of war the class gulf was bridged, and officialdom learned to know and respect the qualities of provincial and industrial Britain. Dr McLaine avoids sentiment, but his is a study with a romantic undertone, a secret lump in the throat for the rise of social democratic Britain.

The Ministry was the brainchild of the men of Munich, whose technique was to camouflage their true aim of avoiding war by wheeling on to the stage the facades of war preparation. One of these was the Ministry of Information, a theatrical prop which had quite literally been knocked together by hard-pressed civil servants in their spare time. The staff were a mixed bunch of amateurs heavily sprinkled with admirals, because they were good at censorship, and old boys, because they were good at the old boy network. Dr McLaine remarks that experience in, say, psychology or journalism, 'seems to have been a positive disqualification for employment'. Inevitably the Ministry was set up without effective powers over other departments or the BBC, and if the Admiralty knew what was happening at sea they did not pass on the news. Two years elapsed, and three luckless ministers chewed the carpet, before some kind of workable machine was devised, a feat attributable to the patient good sense of Walter Monckton, Cyril Radcliffe, and the fourth and final minister, Brendan Bracken.

The Ministry had clear functions: to collect and distribute news, to censor the press, and to maintain civilian morale. In every field the handicapped officials began as desperate amateurs whose comic blunders belong to the Bumper Fun Book of silly government: perhaps the aim was to show that anything the Nazis could do very well we were bound to make a mess of. But even when a more professional spirit developed there was nothing very sinister about the machinations of Senate House. Censorship, for example, had the limited aim of denying to the enemy information likely to be of military value. It is intriguing to learn that in this respect the worst offender was the *Daily Telegraph*, which Bracken was planning to proceed against until dissuaded by Churchill. The Ministry championed freedom of comment as good for morale, and it was the Home Office under Herbert Morrison which suppressed the *Daily Worker*.

The outright fabrications of the Ministry of Truth were avoided, but not so the twilight zone of half-truth and distortion. When Russia entered the war, officials worked out elaborate strategies to divert attention from its social system, lest communism spread with the popularity of the Red Army. Likewise a veil was drawn over the atrocities of Stalinism, any reference to which would have upset relations with Uncle Joe. The Ministry put out the Air Ministry version of the bombing war, explaining that while the *Luftwaffe* were aiming to terrorise civilians, the RAF were only concerned with targets of military importance. This was a big lie which most people did not swallow. Strange to say, the extermination of the Jews was deliberately played down, possibly because of evidence of anti-Semitism in Britain: poor logic indeed.

All the information and propaganda was conditioned by the overriding objective of maintaining morale. Victory depended upon popular effort, so it seemed essential to explain the war to the public and to build up confidence with posters, broadcasts and so on. A Home Intelligence division was established to monitor popular feeling and leading citizens dutifully reported the state of local morale to various regional centres. There was great alarm about the time of Dunkirk and a committee which included Harold Nicolson and Kenneth Clark convinced themselves that morale might collapse because of air-raids and the threat of invasion. Propaganda campaigns were hastily cobbled together to rally the people before it was too late.

Never was there such a futile extravaganza: Dr McLaine brings in a firmly argued verdict of intellectual bankruptcy. No one knew precisely what was meant by morale, how to measure it or how to change it. The truth was that morale was sound enough, that it depended more on food and sleep than propaganda, and that the BBC and the press provided nine-tenths of the news and inspiration required. It was against this background that depressing little essays were circulated in Senate House about the Secret Beast among the Germans, or the contribution of British fair play to civilisation. These were exercises on a par with pinning the tail on the donkey, but at least they raised the spirits of the participants and, as Dr McLaine points out, it was they whose morale was most at risk. Well-meaning folk of cloistered background, they were all too ignorant of the toughness and independent solidarity of British society, regarding the public as a tribe of dubious loyalty liable to panic when the bombs began to fall. They could only assume that the average citizen was something like a prep-school boy who would respond to the lingo of the *Boy's Own Paper*.

Too much can be made of such goings-on and it would be wrong to assume that the upper classes in general thought like Harold Nicolson. Churchill for one took the robust view that 'the broad masses of the people face the hardships of life undaunted'. In any case anxiety about morale soon faded as the resilience of people in the blitz and the sober reports of Home Intelligence brought the propagandists down to earth. Officials began to acquire a populist faith in the public and the accent was shifted away from ideological campaigns to the practical issues of wartime life. Henceforth people were exhorted only to grow more potatoes or save more string, and sensible explanations were offered of government measures. The common touch had

Next Week
MAY BOOKS
Clive James on Zinoviev, Frederic Raphael on Roland Barthes, Anthony Burgess on Nicknames, Peter Porter on Stravinsky, Edward Pygge on Margaret Trudeau, Kingsley Amis on Henry Green, A.S. Byatt on Charles Rycroft, Philip Larkin on Hardy's Notebooks.

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arrived: 'Coughs and sneezes spread diseases!'

There is one striking omission from *Ministry of Morale*. The Crown Film Unit, creator of so many documentaries and shorts, is dismissed in a footnote on the grounds that its films reached only a tiny audience. Can this be true, and even if it is, are not directives for documentary film important for an understanding of domestic propaganda? And since the cinema was the great working-class medium, why did the Ministry not make a great deal more use of it, as they would of television today? A tantalising though possibly obscure area is the Ministry's desire to mobilise artists and writers. The thinking behind the decision to commission work from Henry Moore or Stanley Spencer deserves discussion, as does the impact of the Ministry on publishers' lists. And how significant was the photographic branch in building up the image we all have of a nation of sturdy hobbits smiling through? Last but not least, was there not some ambiguity about the process of bringing the government closer to the people? Absurd as they were, the early efforts of the ministry revealed a delightful innocence of the arts of mass manipulation. The development of public relations and market research techniques have been the soft sell accompanying the growth of bureaucratic muscle, and the social democracy of the 1940s implied an authoritarian executive and an obedient people. Is not Dr McLaine's theme the rise of a benevolent despotism?

David Lodge

Prime Cut

Territorial Rights by MURIEL SPARK *Macmillan* £5.95

To autumnal Venice comes Lina Pancev, a youngish Bulgarian defector, looking for the grave of her father, who disappeared in mysterious circumstances at the end of World War II. In pursuit of Lina comes Robert Leaver, a young bisexual Englishman, a desultory student of art history, having parted angrily with his rich friend and protector, the American art collector Curran. Curran arrives in Venice in pursuit of Robert. To the Pensione Sofia, managed by two elderly sisters, where Robert is staying, comes, by coincidence, Robert's father Arnold, a retired headmaster, to spend an illicit holiday with his former cookery-teacher, Mary Tiller. The embarrassed father transfers himself and his mistress to the bridal suite of the Hotel Lord Byron, where, as it happens, Curran is staying. Mary Tiller wonders whether Curran is a private detective spying on them. Arnold's wife Anthea, back in Birmingham, has in fact enlisted the services of Global-Equip Security Services to do just that, but the Venetian agent of GESS is Curran's old friend Violet, the English widow of an Italian count. Anthea's friend Grace Gregory, ex-matron of Arnold's school, volunteers to fly to Venice to report on Arnold.

Back in Brum, the deserted wife and mother seeks distraction in her library book, 'a novel comfortingly like the last novel she had read'. We are given extracts from it:

> Matt got up and stacked the dishes. She followed him into the kitchen and ran the hot tap. What had there ever been between them? Had it all been an illusion? The rain poured outside. Mamie's knickers and two of John's pullovers were drying in the kitchen. She looked at the damp clothes and found no significance in them.

When a novelist embeds quotations from some fictitious novel in his/her own text, it is, of course, always with aesthetic intent, usually parodic. The glum kitchen-sink realism of Anthea's library book, its plodding record of banal thoughts and predictable emotions, is clearly intended to contrast with the sprightly narrative style, the glamorous local colour, the dazzlingly complex intrigue of *Territorial Rights*, and perhaps to underline the advantages enjoyed by a novelist residing in Italy. 'It may seem far-fetched to you, Anthea,' says Grace Gregory, reporting the latest developments to Anthea by telephone, 'But here everything is stark realism. This is Italy.'

We know from her previous novels that Muriel Spark is fascinated by the mixture of cynicism and passion, corruption and beauty in the Italian scene, finding in it (much as the Elizabethans found in Machiavelli's Italy) an image of contemporary decadence more to her purposes than dull old England. In *Territorial Rights* she has married this setting to a theme from her New York novel, *The Hothouse by the East River*: the resurrection of old ghosts and guilts from World War II. Curran and Violet and Lina's father, it turns out, were all secret collaborators with the Nazis. Violet was Pancev's mistress, sharing his favours with two maidservants at the Villa Sofia, who later turned it into a pensione. When Curran killed Pancev to avoid exposure, the two sisters quarrelled over the corpse, and the services of a local butcher were enlisted to divide the remains into two halves, so that each could enjoy territorial rights over his grave. Robert, having found out all this and much more, blackmails the others . . .

Territorial Rights has no central character, which makes for a diverting international comedy of manners, as the narrative perspective shifts from one character to another, observing them all observing each other, but at the same time leaves the reader sufficiently detached to reflect on how 'far-fetched' the plot is. Nor does the novel throw the reader off balance, as Mrs Spark's novels usually do, by exposing and undermining fictional conventions. One of its climactic moments concerns a trick by which Robert persuades Lina to dance unknowingly on her father's grave. The episode seems contrived and implausible when presented from Lina's point of view, and we expect the revelation of some unsuspected motivation on Robert's part, but all we get is the idea that Robert is evil, and that evildoers, contrary to what nice people think, are happy in their work. Robert's character, however, is too slight to support such a generalisation, and the end of the story, which sets him off on a Bonnie and Clyde career with a young Italian accomplice, seems a somewhat desperate attempt at reinforcement. *Territorial Rights* is a highly entertaining novel: it tickles, it intrigues, it beguiles. If, in the end, it disappoints, that is because the author is one of our most gifted and original novelists. Even so, it's better by far than most of the novels in Anthea's library.

A positive reply to E. R. Norman's 1978 Reith Lecture . . .

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND POLITICAL HOPES

Nine stimulating essays by leading Christians, sociologists, historians, theologians and economists . . .

Charles Elliott, Duncan Forrester, Peter Hinchliff, Daniel Jenkins, David Jenkins, John Kent, James Mark, Robert Moore, Haddon Willmer

Is 'politicisation' destroying orthodox Christianity, as Dr E. R. Norman complained in his controversial Reith Lecture? What is 'politicisation' anyway? In this book, the contributors make critical and constructive responses to such questions. Aware of the dangers of mistaking politics for faith, they nevertheless refuse to be deterred from mixing faith and politics. They argue that Christian believing today must engage hopefully in politics if it is to be authentic as faith.

Cr 8vo *ISBN 7162 0329 4* *155pp* *£1.75 net*

Epworth Press

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Christopher Reid

Stage Right

Collected Poems and Plays by WYNDHAM LEWIS edited by Alan Munton *Carcanet* £6.95

Wyndham Lewis never had much luck with his books. His first novel, *Mrs Dukes' Million*, was designed by the young artist-writer to spin the money that would allow him to get on with a more serious project, another novel, *Tarr*. Of course, it failed: this book, with a plot that involves the hanky-panky of a gang of impersonators, reads to us now like the idea for an Ealing comedy – all domineering landladies and fog-bound policemen – but it must have seemed quite bizarre to the Edwardian literary agent who turned it down. Unfortunately, this was to set the pattern for Lewis's writing career – a hectic to-and-fro between the kitchen, where pots were boiled, and the study, in which lucubration could take place (somehow his work as a painter was fitted into the gaps). Things were never satisfactory. Book after book encountered hostility, boycott and even suppression, with the result that Lewis's reputation today is largely a matter of myth and hearsay.

From time to time, one of his books may be plucked from oblivion. *The Revenge for Love* was a Penguin Modern Classic; *The Roaring Queen*, too libellous to print when it was topical, was given a recent lease of life in hardback; and, two years ago, a Canadian publisher brought out *Mrs Dukes' Million*. Now we have the *Collected Poems and Plays*. One might have thought that, as his works emerged, a coherent picture of the writer would form. However, something different seems to be true. Lewis called himself a satirist, and approved when, early on, a critic dubbed him a 'personal-appearance artist'. Lewis's behaviour as a novelist is very much like that of a puppet-master, who may not hold the stage, but unmistakably holds the characters who do so. At times, however, even this distinction is inadequate: Lewis's treatment of his creatures is often so violent – as in *The Apes of God*, where everyone is twitted, ironised, jeered at, defamed – that it seems as if the Punch-and-Judy man has after all put in a personal appearance, and has turned out to be a far more terrifying bogey than either Mr Punch or the crocodile.

Yet, even this metaphor does not do full justice to Lewis's unique literary method. In many instances, the personal-appearance artist becomes that more dubious entity, the quick-change artist, as well; and nothing shows this better than Lewis's long poem, or series of poems, *One-Way Song*, with its 'Envoi' containing these lines, in defence of the writer's own, supposed straightforwardness:

> But I meant that you should get it, classic
> and clear,
> Between the eyes, or in the centre of the ear! . . .
> These times require a tongue that naked goes,
> Without more fuss than Dryden's or Defoe's.

This statement is unlikely to convince the reader who has slogged his way through the confusion that precedes it. Lewis is a cack-handed versifier, with a talent for onomatopoeia and clattering sound-effects, but no natural fluency; and he seems additionally determined to baffle us with disguises. There is a passage in the poem, in the section called 'If So the Man You Are', where, by constant reference to private grudges, the real Lewis may be identified as speaking; but even here he is described as 'the Enemy' – 'cloaked, masked, booted, and with gauntlets of astrakan' – and is introduced and seen off by a barker, also with distinctly Lewisian traits.

The previous section, 'The Song of the Militant Romance', is *said* to present 'the romantic standpoint', but looks more like a summons to literary vandalism:

> Set all our mother-tongue reeling with the
> eruption of obsolete vocables,
> Disrupt it all with the grammars, that are
> ground down to cement it – with obstacles
> Strew all the cricket-pitches, the sleek
> tennis-lawns of our tongue –
> Instal a nasty cold in our larynx – a
> breathlessness in our lung!

One senses that, underneath all this bluster, some kind of argument is leading somewhere – but how seriously can it be taken? The gist of 'One-Way Song' (the section, not the whole) is a metaphysical discussion of time and progress, based on a conceit to do with mankind's essentially one-way nature:

> Address yourself to sitting down front-first –
> Your joints will stop you, or your hips will burst!

But apart from the odd, witty turn of phrase, or animated passage, including an apt reference to Aristophanes's parable in the *Symposium*, nothing much comes of this. Verse has never been a comfortable vehicle for philosophic discourse, and flippant verse seems even less so. The sturdy clarity of Dryden and Defoe is fatally absent.

Lewis's great books – *The Apes of God, The Revenge for Love*, perhaps *The Childermass* – are made special by the writer's vivid, mercurial personal presence. He had a marvellously accurate eye, and a gift, which seems inherited from the Elizabethan age, for combining a high-literary, inkhorn style with slangy gusto. Moreover, the theme that occupied him most – that of shams and appearances – could be accommodated at proper length by plots involving grotesque masquerades and sinister false bottoms. The multiple disguises in *One-Way Song*, on the other hand, are merely chaotic and confusing.

The plays in this volume include a vignette, *The Ideal Giant*, and two versions of *Enemy of the Stars*, an unperformable piece, full of slapstick violence – Tom and Jerry on a cosmic level. They show that Lewis was no writer for the theatre, needing the breadth and freedom of a novel in which to expatiate. An unexpected bonus, however, is a short essay entitled 'Physics of the Not-Self', which sets out to illuminate ideas darkly suggested by *Enemy of the Stars*. After a false opening, marred by sarcasm and indirectness, Lewis gets on with his real business, a comparison of Socratic *arete* with the Buddhist concept of Nirvana. It is oddly moving to find an argument so naked and clear put forward by a writer more normally concerned with masks, armour and all the repulsive apparatus of social intercourse.

Tom Disch

On the Disposal of My Body

Burn it, I suppose –
Unless you think it might be sold.
Despite its occasional treasons
I have been fond of it,
But is that any reason
For pretending it's some kind of treasure
And hiding it away?
It will only decay.
So, if it can't give pleasure,
Burn it, I say.
Burn it – or feed it
To lions at the zoo.
Or give it to some needy
Necrophile: he'll know what to do.

Martin Walker

Hard Core

Fascists: a Social Psychological View of the National Front by MICHAEL BILLIG *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich* £16.50 and £3.95

The threat of Fascism rests upon its capacity to attract mass support, to achieve a momentum of loyalties (and desperations) which overwhelm conventional class and political allegiances. In this fundamental sense, Fascism is a *movement*; Michael Billig's book sees it as a condition. One should not look here for an analysis of the National Front vote; nor for any assessment of the local or regional factors which gave the NF 20 per cent of the poll in London's East End, compared to 5 per cent in similar parts of South London. The votes, the organisation, the finances and the history of the National Front are not Billig's concern. Nor does he address the psychological state of modern Britain, its slump-inspired vulnerability to racist and extremist appeal. We are given instead a sample of NF members, all jostling together on the psychologist's couch.

This is, however, a most important book. It challenges convincingly the traditional startline for psychological assessments of Fascism – Adorno's *The Authoritarian Personality* (New York, 1950). It provides a rewarding brief study of psychology and Nazism: Hitler's reliance on the work of Le Bon, Konrad Lorenz's flirtation with Nazism, Jung's distinction between Jews and Aryans, and so on. Perhaps the most dramatic part of the book is Billig's excellent study of the links between the Nazi journal *Zeitschrift für Rassenkunde* and the modern *Mankind Quarterly*, a vehicle for Eysenck (among others) and the academically 'respectable' source book for much of the NF's racialist propaganda.

The main thrust of Billig's work is directed at the conspiracy theory. 'The combination of the conspiracy tradition with racialist premises has in the past constituted the deadly essence of fascist ideology,' he writes. About a third of the book's 393 pages address the topic. Briefly, the conspiracy theory of the National Front is taken largely from the work of A. K.

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Chesterton (the NF's first chairman, and the pre-war editor of Mosley's *Blackshirt*); it argues that Moscow Communism and Wall Street capitalism are two arms of the Zionist conspiracy, which aims at producing a world state of mongrel mixed races, with only the Jews retaining their 'racial purity', and thus assuring their control. Billig traces this theory back to its late 18th-century roots, dissects its many sub-variants and stresses its importance as the central core of the NF's ideology. He explains lucidly how the conspiracy theory acts as a kind of code among NF hard-liners – distinguishing them from the raw recruits whose concern is with black immigrants. The conspiracy theory, and the anti-Semitism which goes with it, establish one's Nazi credentials – and often one's seniority – within the NF.

But Billig leaves disturbing gaps. The conspiracy theory is predominantly a Nazi phenomenon, much less evident in Fascist Italy or Franco's Spain. (There are important variants in the American Far Right – the 'Kissinger is a Commie' school of Republicans.) And in Nazi Germany, there was another bizarre by-way which led off from the conspiracy – towards the occult, via Dietrich Eckart's 'Fire and Ice' theories, the mystic-Teuton paraphernalia Himmler draped around the SS, the concept of Thule and so on. This lunacy has its echoes in the modern NF, and in Britain's closet-Nazi movements like Column 88, with its runic symbolism, black leather ceremonies on Hitler's birthday – proper study for a social psychologist, one might have hoped.

The 11 NF members Billig interviewed are fascinating – but incompletely representative. Nine of them were party officials or candidates. The two youngest were 'early 20s' – so we have a sample of relatively mature party stalwarts. These are not the 'young, white and unemployed' one sees on NF marches, the recruits identified by other contemporary studies. Billig is quite properly concentrating upon the 5,000 or so people who make up the NF's hard core — and his book has little to offer a reader who is equally fascinated by the other 230,000 people who voted NF in the 1976 local elections.

Billig has a series of tables on the relative frequency and coefficients of values, key words and concepts, as counted in various issues of NF publications. Nationalism and race purity, predictably, score very high, and his findings show how little ideological difference there was between the publications of the allegedly 'moderate, Populist' National Party, and the 'extreme, Nazi' National Front, from which it broke away in 1975. Less rewardingly, Billig then compares the NF publications with the Labour and Conservative Party manifestoes, and concludes that Labour and Tory values correlate very much more significantly than either of them do with the NF or NP.

This, however, verges on the unfair: manifestos of major parties competing for the political middle ground are probably designed to reveal very little. It would have been more useful had Billig done his correlations with *Powellight* – a publication for Enoch lovers – or the Monday Club's efforts. Finally, Billig's conceptual approach hinders him from seeing the way in which the NF's leaders consciously manipulate the stridency and frequency of their anti-Semitic, and anti-Zionist propaganda. An internal dispute in the Directorate usually means more Jew-bashing in *Searchlight* as Tyndall rallies the old Nazi stalwarts. The National Front is a process, a movement, and it requires analysis with one eye on day-to-day developments inside the party, and in the country as a whole. After all, a very sick host is needed for the Fascist parasite to thrive.

Carol Rumens

Three Poets Play the Saké Cup Game

An 18th-century Japanese print in the British Museum shows a group of poets beside a stream, playing the Saké Cup Game. One poet would launch the cup, and another, standing downstream, would have to compose a haiku before the cup reached him. The scrolls of haiku are hung to dry on a small tree.

1

Tying his proud syllables
to a scented branch,
the Poet hears laughter.
He turns and sees the cup
lodged winking in some reeds.
It will never pass him now.
As life begins, the Poet muses,
so it stops, without warning.
Haiku is the game in the middle.
'Have I won?' he asks 'Or lost?'

2

The orange saké cup
throbs on the bright stream
with petals, like a migraine.
It's only one word he wants,
one last ripe cherry
brimming with the juice of his poem.
The cup weaves nearer. Demons
toss him a flashy adjective.
He sighs, and scribbles.
Sometimes he can't bear to be a poet!

3

The idea grows.
He must be careful, careful.
Never mind the jeering,
winter's a difficult season,
and this could be the truth.
He mustn't let it slip by
as the saké cup slips by.
When he wakes from the poem,
it's dark, the cherry has dropped
many leaves, his friends have gone.

Jonathan Keates

Who Active?

Beckford of Fonthill by BRYAN FOTHERGILL
Faber £13.50

The obvious correlative to William Beckford is his far less gifted and far more antipathetic contemporary Horace Walpole. Both had parental problems, both were rich, dilettante and homosexual. On the latter point Walpole made an early compromise by turning himself successfully into a spiteful old woman, while Beckford contrived to marry and produce daughters. Both were severely smitten with architecture – Strawberry Hill seems inevitably to anticipate Fonthill, though as essays in Gothic no two houses could have differed further. Each wrote a novel, faithfully reflecting its author's temperament – *The Castle of Otranto* a model of compressed, nail-biting suspense, *Vathek* a mercurial masterpiece. Each has since become, for readers of *Country Life* and the works of Sacheverell Sitwell, a *monstre sacré* of English aestheticism, with all the ornate suggestiveness of a sham ruin. But of the two, despite Walpole's pyramids of delightfully self-revealing correspondence, it is Beckford, in gaunt solitude, who dominates the imagination.

Launched in the classic manner as the sensitive only child of vulgar, overbearing parents, he grew up in the Palladian pomps of Fonthill Splendens – built by his father, a Lord Mayor of London, on West India sugar money – a house which Beckford himself was later to tear down and use as a quarry for his Gothic abbey. A taste for the romantic bizarre was encouraged by his drawing master Alexander Cozens, while other predilections were freely indulged on the Grand Tour where, escorted by his dull tutor Mr Lettice, he met Voltaire, charmed Sir William Hamilton and grew alarmingly affectionate towards a number of young Swiss and Venetians. His majority was celebrated with a party for 200 guests, beer and beef for the tenants, a specially composed Italian cantata warbled by top-grade castrati, and an improving sermon from Lettice.

This, and the discreet 'Oriental' orgies which followed, a dry run for *Vathek* featuring Beckford's love-struck cousin Louisa and a mise-en-scene by the painter de Loutherbourg, were merely flamboyant preludes to

Published April 26, £4.95
John Kenneth
GALBRAITH
The Nature of Mass Poverty
Harvard University Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1

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catastrophe. The young Caliph's penchant for 'Kitty' Courtenay, a dimwitted ephebe with a passion for millinery, was quickly transmuted into scandal by the boy's brother-in-law, the shifty, humourless and vindictive Lord Loughborough. Worn down by ostracism and lubricious curiosity (Lord Pembroke wanted to know 'the exact business, how, when & by whom, & with whom discovered? Who passive & who active . . .?'), Beckford abandoned hopes of a peerage and a parliamentary career and scuttled off to Switzerland with his wife Margaret, who promptly died while giving birth to their second daughter.

Mrs Beckford is, indeed, one of comparatively few to emerge from the story with any credit for the simpler human virtues such as loyalty, sincerity and compassion. Her husband had a drop or two of these, with wit and discernment to match, and a capacity to inspire love in such unlikely breasts as that of the Marquis of Marialva, an elderly Portuguese paterfamilias whose entire Lisbon household was captivated when the errant Vathek, with 87 servants in tow, was blown up the Tagus on his way to Jamaica. Others were less impressed, and after idyllic interludes in Portugal Beckford's exile's return was to an embittered middle age spent in shaping the fantasies of Fonthill behind an enormous six-mile wall, topped by a cheval-de-frise of sharp spikes.

This Kubla Khan spent 20 years and £273,000 on his pleasure dome, a colossal fist shaken at society, and an expression, in its infinite galleries, crocketings and crenellations, of a life of baffled and erratic impulses. By 1822, when Beckford, bled white by unscrupulous agents, hired Christie's to sell Fonthill and its contents to an eccentric Scotch nabob, John Farquhar, he had become a recluse as legendary as anything dreamed up in his hyper-refined imagination. Eight years afterwards the huge central tower collapsed into the building below, its old and new owners sardonically looking on, and two decades later Beckford himself, something of a cult figure among youthful Victorians, died in a sub-Fonthill created from two houses in Bath with a tower tacked on.

Subtly separating its subject's talent and discrimination from his malice, snobbery and peevishness, Bryan Fothergill's biography convinces us that Beckford's restless life was more spectacular in detail and outline than anything, even Fonthill, that he created for himself. He invokes respect, nevertheless, for Beckford both as author and collector (the Fonthill pictures were a National Gallery in scope and profusion) and his relaxed acquaintance with period minutiae never degenerates into antiquarian nostalgia. Above all, his achievement is to persuade us that Beckford, in one or another guise, is someone we might each of us like, for a moment or two, to be.

Among this week's contributors:

PAUL ADDISON is the author of *The Road to 1945*. He is currently engaged on a study of Churchill.

SEAN HIGNETT is at present working on a biography of Dorothy Brett.

MARTIN WALKER is the author of *The National Front* (Fontana, 1978).

CHRISTOPHER REID'S first collection of poems, *Arcadia*, will be published by Oxford later this year.

Andrew Motion

Land of Lost Content

In Guilt and in Glory by DAVID HANLY *Hutchinson* £5.50
The Joys of Motherhood by BUCHI EMECHETA *Allison & Busby* £4.95
Pretty Doll Houses by GABRIEL FIELDING *Hutchinson* £5.95

Ireland's greatest writers have been fostered alike by love and contempt. Joyce's fascinated affection was mixed with scorn for the moral paralysis of Dublin, and Yeats's proud celebrations were often critical of his 'blind bitter land'. Ireland's visitors have developed a similar ambivalence: admiration for its scenery is blended with mockery of its lingering, leprechaun-haunted twilight. Over the years, these two paradoxical attitudes have tended to dominate any search for the 'real' country – with the result that other less extreme qualities of its nationhood have frequently been overlooked. David Hanly's impressive first novel, *In Guilt and in Glory*, sets out to right the balance. By recounting the adventures of an American TV team as they collect material for a documentary programme to be called 'The Whole Truth', he is able to glance at almost every aspect of Irish society. Crofters, authors, factory workers and horse breeders are all interviewed, and their contributions are recorded in the hope of producing just and proper inclusiveness.

This kind of schematic approach proves largely self-defeating. The more assiduously the reporters pursue 'the whole truth', the more its component parts look like caricatures. A scatter-brained aristocrat becomes a representative rather than an individual, and champagne-swilling guests at the Meath Hunt Ball degenerate into ignorant parodies of themselves. Hanly is well aware of this, and uses the Americans' guides (members of the Irish Board of Welcomes) to voice his knowledge. But even his most articulate and sensitive characters cannot prevent the creation of stereotypes: received impressions of Ireland persistently displace their conviction that 'The truly great men now, the contemporary heroes, did not lead armies, sway millions; they started small cooperatives in areas of poverty; they prevented strikes; they taught hundreds of disaffected slum children.'

The blame for this failure to realise an authentically modern Ireland does not only lie with the Americans and their cameras. The guides are also responsible. No matter how much the young, enterprising Stephen Crossan insists that his country has developed, he cannot escape the tyranny of its past. Neither can he help believing that the future will bring little more than compromise and frustration. It is the detestable ethos of 'Califuckingfornia' which has emerged to replace his obsolete inherited ideals, and their disappearance leaves him marooned in a sour no-man's-land. Crossan's sense of isolation is clearly shared by Hanly himself, but in spite of this, the book's elegant construction and its finely controlled ironies ensure that it retains what Yeats would have approved: 'Gaiety transfiguring all that dread'.

Buchi Emecheta is also concerned with tyranny, but her attention is more precisely fixed on the trials of a specific gender than of a particular nation. Although the action of *The Joys of Motherhood* is confined to 20th-century Nigeria, it teaches lessons which could equally well be learnt elsewhere. The economic and familial pressures exerted on women in Western communities are less obvious, but no less pervasive, than those which surround others in and around Lagos. The novel's heroine, Nnu Ego, is first living and then dead proof of this. She can only win the respect of her peers by producing children, and when she fails to do so in her first marriage, she is unceremoniously forced into a second. This time she manages to conceive – only to find that her husband Nnaife's approval is simply another form of oppression. 'If you are going to be my wife', he tells her, 'you must accept my work, my way of life. I will not have it any other way.'

Once Nnu Ego has become a mother, she is subject to an increasingly heavy burden of cares and constraints. Whether her children die young or grow up intelligent and successful, they fail to provide her with an enduring sense of identity. Nnaife is similarly unsatisfying – as a lover and as a breadwinner, his main interest is himself. And when the family eventually drifts away from her in middle age, the results of these deprivations are painfully apparent: no role in society and no expectations. The one alternative to her loneliness is death, which comes 'with no child to hold her hand, and no friend to talk to her'. Emecheta describes its approach with moving simplicity. By viewing her heroine's fate with a compound of anger and pity, she avoids sounding either didactic or sentimental, and intensifies the force of her bleak conclusions.

Gabriel Fielding's new novel – his first since 1966 – prescribes less drastic cures for solitude. Its hero, John Blaydon, quickly discovers the pleasures of self-communion during childhood, and the rewards of casual attachments during adolescence. He is, anyway, protected by a large and privileged family – and should they let him down, there is always his toy polar bear, or his nanny, to comfort him. The result of this security is to make him contented and complacent: as he grows up, and his parents move from house to house, he keeps himself from suffering by failing to develop a sense of general social responsibility. His various homes are all dolls' houses – they contain miniaturised versions of life, and their tidy apartments have little room for distress.

Fielding makes no secret of the fact that his own upbringing was, in many respects, as sheltered and comfortable as Blaydon's. But while this sometimes prompts him to adopt a tone of guilty irony, it is seldom used with enough vigour to expose the tensions which lay beneath its placid surface. Even Blaydon's most potentially traumatic experiences – his early love affairs, his mother's flirtation with an old flame, and his eldest brother's death – are recalled with decorous reserve. It is as if Fielding is more interested in the act of remembering than the things remembered: the 'slender artificial bridges' which he builds between event and event are too fascinating in themselves for their destinations to command his close scrutiny.

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Blake Morrison

On the Road

Festivals seem to get more numerous every year. A cursory glance through the listings suggests that there is not a town council left in Britain which hasn't run one, or isn't about to, or doesn't fear the consequences of missing out ('Scrapped Festival Council Row Resignation Call'). But for staying power and success festivals depend on having the right olde worlde connotations – a faire field fulle of folke, a feast i' the vales, a place in whose main street you could reasonably expect to make merry. You won't find many festivals in the Rugby League towns of the North – though that run by the Warrington New Town Development Corporation, to its great credit and everyone's surprise, has kept going for seven years. Aldeburgh, Bath, Cheltenham, Chichester – this is the more usual formula, towns that can draw on an outlying rural population as well as tempting city-dwellers away for a weekend.

But what are festivals for? For some organising committees, of course, the question just doesn't arise: the festival is there because it's there, and has been as long as anyone can remember. But newer ventures, unable to fall back on the reassurance of the what-was-good-enough-for-father argument, will probably have to go through some anxious soul-searching before they feel able to proceed. This is especially the case with literary festivals, which can't be expected to pull in such large audiences as those offering 'a bit of everything' (which can mean sport and quizzes as well as ballet and music). In the programmes and press releases for this year's literary festivals two *raisons d'être* are commonly put forward. One is that the literary festival contributes to our literary heritage by providing a unique blend of national and local: established professionals mingle with aspiring amateurs, 'deprived' provincial audiences are given the opportunity to meet big name stars. In practice, this can be less ideal than it sounds. Some London-based writers have in the past received such maulings that they vow never again to venture out into the sticks. Others complain that 'promoting the vitality of local literary interests' means coming home under the obligation to read the complete and unpublished works of some talentless yokel. And the audiences, for their part, maintain that visiting writers are arrogant, or inaudible, or just plain dull. But rightly interpreted, the blend of local and national can work very well. As is clear from the programme for the 1979 Lancaster Literature Festival, an event which got off the ground only last year but which already looks (on paper at least) to be the best one around, there's no reason why 'local' should mean amateur or fifth-rate. Among the guests this year are Norman Nicholson, Melvyn Bragg, Colin Welland, Richard Adams and Barry Hines – all of whom have strong ties with the region. Similarly, the representation of 'national' interests hasn't meant going only for writers safely packaged on the Eng. Lit. syllabus – those invited include Ian McEwan, Fay Weldon, Angela Carter and Gavin Ewart.

The other popular justification for festivals is that they 'benefit the writers themselves'. What the alleged benefit consists of isn't usually specified, and it's hard to imagine what it could be. The only real benefit to a writer, I'd have thought, is that which helps his work to develop or improve, and there's no reason to suppose that festivals do that. What they do do is allow writers to meet a) other writers and b) people who read their work. I am inclined to think that b) is more important than a). To judge by the acid exchanges during public discussion, the one class of people whose acquaintance or opinion most writers don't feel in need of is that of other writers. And of those writers who *do* enjoy spending time with their colleagues (drinking, gossiping, or even – rarely – exchanging ideas), few would be so pompous as to suggest that this is anything more than a pleasurable sideline: such 'beneficial' friendships as they might have exist elsewhere. But to be able to meet that strange amorphous group, the people who read books (as opposed to the people who publish them, review them, study them, or teach them), this is a rare and gratifying experience. It may not actually benefit writers *as writers*, but it's an experience they value.

Another reason for staging festivals – though one that the general air of do-gooding and high-mindedness usually prevents from being mentioned – is the money that they make. For towns they function as a kind of highbrow tourist attraction, filling the hotels, boarding houses,

XVIèmes FETES MUSICALES EN TOURAINE
GRANGE DE MESLAY
29 Juin - 8 Juillet 1979

ASPECTS DE L'ART VOCAL

M. A. CHARPENTIER, A. CAMPRA, J. S. BACH, G. F. HAENDEL, F. MENDELSSOHN, B. BRITTEN

La Grande Ecurie et la Chambre du Roy, Pro Cantione Antiqua, Choeur Jean de Ockeghem, l'Orchestre des Concerts Colonne, L'English Music Theatre Company, Kenneth Vowen, Jean Phillipe Lafont, Arleen Auger, Zahava Gal, Birgit Grenat, Elizabeth Parcells, Anne-Marie Rodde.

Location et renseignements: Fêtes Musicales en Touraine, Hôtel de Ville, 3 rue des Minimes, 37032 Tours Cedex. Tél. (47) 61.81.24 (poste 744).

Cambridge Festival

14 July to 29 July

Two weeks of Music, Drama, Dancing, Feasting and Exhibitions.
Among those appearing: Hallé Orchestra, Christopher Hogwood and the Academy of Ancient Music, St John's College Choir, King's College Choir, English Chamber Orchestra, Pinchas Zukerman, Fitzwilliam Quartet, Benjamin Luxon, Richard Rodney Bennett and Marian Montgomery.
Victorian Fair, Festival Debate, Elizabethan Feasts and exhibitions at the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Programme details from The Festival Administrator, Kett House, Station Road, Cambridge. PLEASE SEND s.a.e. (6¾" x 9").
Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Tel. 57851.
Postal bookings open Wednesday 30 May. Personal bookings from Wednesday 6 June.

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The Exhibitions Complex, Canon's Road, Bristol

July 18th-28th 1979

July 18 & 19, Trade only.

20 July 23 July 24 July 25 July 26 July 27 July	11 a.m. - 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. - 9.30 p.m.	21 July 28 July	11 a.m. - 9.30 p.m.
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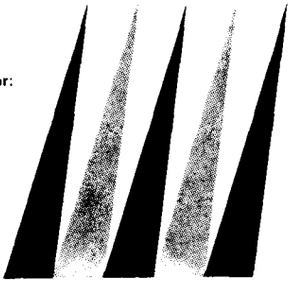
NB: No refunds after 13 July.

The Fourteenth
Harrogate International Festival

Festival Director: Clive Wilson

1-15 August 1979



Amongst artists appearing in the 1979 Festival will be:
Rowan Atkinson ● Dame Janet Baker ● Richard Rodney Bennett ● Rosemary Brown ● Carlton Main Frickley Colliery Band ● English Chamber Orchestra ● English Music Theatre ● Fires of London ● Jill Gomez ● Anthony Rolfe Johnson ● Philip Jones Brass Ensemble ● Jaime Laredo ● Barbara Leigh-Hunt ● London Cornett and Sackbut Ensemble ● Marian Montgomery ● Harry Mortimer ● Roger Norrington ● Richard Pasco ● Paco Pena's Flamenco Company ● Oscar Peterson ● Trevor Pinnock ● Jean-Bernard Pommier ● Robin Ray ● Olga and Helen Rostropovich ● Royal Philharmonic Orchestra ● Schütz Choir of London ● Walter Susskind ● David Thomas ● Vermeer String Quartet ● Young Vic Company ● Mike Westbrook Brass Band ● Pinchas Zukerman ●

Details from: Festival Office, Royal Baths, Harrogate. HG1 2RR 0423 62303

SEVENOAKS SUMMER FESTIVAL 7-20 July 1979
Music, Drama, Talks, Poetry, Stunts
Benjamin Luxon, Philip Langridge, Paul Esswood, Sally Burgess, Robert Tear, John Constable, Antony Ransome, Richard Burnet, Melos Ensemble, Cambridge Buskers, Roy Dotrice, Elizabeth Morgan, Magnus Pike, Robert Cushman, Eric Flynn.
Details from **Festival Box Office, Sevenoaks School, Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel. Sevenoaks 55133.**

English Bach Festival ebf

Director: Lina Lalandi OBE
LONDON April 23-May 13
OXFORD May 17-20
Brochures from 15 South Eaton Place, London SW1 (enclose 7p stamp)

pubs, shops and restaurants, and generally pleasing local traders. For writers they mean fees. For publishers, they can be part of a promotion effort: a sure-fire way of boosting sales is to have an author's books available when he or she is booked for a reading. (Oddly the small presses are much better at this than the big ones: I've known poets reduced to selling their own and only copies because incompetent publishers hadn't bothered to set up a stall.) As for the councils which actually stage the events, commonsense says that they don't make very much, and that they may even be prepared to suffer losses in order to bring the town publicity, prestige, and a reputation for 'culture' (hence the *Guardian*'s recent full-page hard-sell of Lancaster). Budgets can vary a great deal – from the shoe-string of the Cley Little Festival of Poetry to the £15,000 spent by Lancaster – but nearly always prove discouragingly restrictive: when the cost of hiring Ted Hughes is (to use the hyperbole of one organiser) 'only slightly less expensive than buying a Rolls-Royce', it is often tempting to settle for smaller fry. But then Hughes at the moment is the best oral poet around, and his new poems from down on the farm (they sound like a cross between James Herriott and Edgar Allan Poe) are ones that ought not to be missed. This matter of oral performance is very important at festivals, and explains why names like Henri, Patten, McGough, Logue and Mitchell appear with such dreary regularity: poets who rarely earn more than a passing sneer in seminars often turn out to make vigorous and popular performers.

A more acclaimed performer than any of these is Allen Ginsberg, who is due to appear this year both at the Newcastle Festival, which also has Richard Brautigan, and at the Cambridge Poetry Festival. The latter, a registered charity dependent on donations, is a biennial event scheduled for early June. Its two previous occasions have promised more than they've delivered (my chief memory of the first is not of any of the readings or lectures, but of a film about Sorley Maclean), and this year's cast has the same, rather austere feel. But there are some distinguished international guests (Kenneth Koch, Peter Orlovsky, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, Joseph Brodsky) as well as the prospect of a lively exchange when Left and Right are brought together in a debate on 'Forms and Principles' involving Jon Silkin, E. P. Thompson,

Pitlochry Festival Theatre

(Directed by Kenneth Ireland)

29th Season: May 11 to October 6, 1979
Evenings 8.0; Matinees 2.15

Drama	BEDROOM FARCE (Alan Ayckbourn) ARMS AND THE MAN (Bernard Shaw) PRIVATE LIVES (Noel Coward) MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT (Anthony Lesser) THE LIGHTS ARE WARM AND COLOURED (William Norfolk) British premiere JENNY (Tom Gallacher) World premiere
Music	Edinburgh Quartet, Yonty Solomon, Alexander Roy London Ballet Theatre, Melvyn Tan, Peter Pratt, Raymond Johnson Dance Co. (USA), etc.
Art	Exhibitions ★ Plays in Progress ★ Restaurant

Send SAE for programme & hotel list. Tel. (0796) 2680
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THE ARTS AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY
11-13 May 1979

Speakers will include:

Robert Gregoire (E.E.C.), Gerard Bella (Unesco), Lord Vaizey, Dr Adolf Dietz, Huw Wheldon, Maureen Duffy.

Details/Application forms:
Ian Russell, I.C.A., Nash House, The Mall, SW1

NOTTINGHAM FESTIVAL 1979 2nd - 17th JUNE

Amongst those appearing will be;
ORCHESTRAS: Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra; City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra; English Sinfonia; London Symphony Orchestra; London Concert Orchestra; Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra; Royal Philmarmonic Orchestra; Syd Lawrence and His Orchestra; The Johann Strauss Gala Company.
ARTISTS: Martha Argerich; Richard Baker; Colin Carr; Peter Frankl; Cynthia Glover; Eugene Sarbu; Fou Ts'Ong; The King's Singers; The Yetties & City Waites; John Heddle Nash.

GUARDS SPECTACULAR

Brochures are now available from: The City of Nottingham Arts Department, 51 Castle Gate, Nottingham. Tel: (0602) 411881.
Tickets now available from: **The Box Office, Victoria Centre, Nottingham. Tel: (0602) 49741.**

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C. H. Sisson and Donald Davie. Not to be outdone, Oxford has hit back with its first ever poetry festival. On the evidence of its illiterate publicity blurb, this is, in comparison, a rather homespun affair, but among the guests are Ted Hughes, David Gascoyne and Laurie Lee. Aside from Lancaster, Cambridge and Oxford, the best bets this year seem to be at Ilkley (no big names but plenty of interesting features) and at Cheltenham, a festival which usually takes place in the Autumn and which always has some lively events.

Andrew Clements

Baedeker Trade

I grew up close to two long-established music festivals. Every third year the Three Choirs Festival was held in Gloucester, unfailingly presenting the staples of the amateur choral repertory in massive, old-style performances, a sprinkling of smaller-scale liturgical works and the odd commissioned piece from one of the more conservative contemporary composers. In the Fifties and early Sixties Cheltenham had become pre-eminent among the crop of festivals that had sprung up in the immediate post-war years, establishing contemporary music as a vital ingredient of any comprehensive festival programme. It even provided a new term for the music critic's vocabulary: the 'Cheltenham symphony' became a recognised genre, a last spasm from a declining form in the shape of works by the likes of Rawsthorne, Searle, Rubbra and Hoddinott. At the Cheltenham Festival I encountered for the first time music by Maxwell Davies, Birtwistle, Tavener and Cardew; and had the chance to hear many of the London and regional orchestras in the flesh.

However, even at that time, the late Sixties, the role of the festival

The Tenth Fishguard Music Festival

Choral, orchestral & chamber music; recitals; light music; poetry etc. performed by Royal Liverpool Philharmonic & BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestras, The John Davies Singers & Orchestra, Dyfed Choir, Gabrieli String Quartet, The Tilford Ensemble, Swingle II, Baby Grand, Betty Mulcahy and many famous solo artists, including Helen Watts celebrating 25 years as an international celebrity.
Details: (s.a.e. please) Festival Office, (ref. 5), Summerhill, Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, Dyfed. (or tel. Fishguard 873612).

20-28 July 1979

WINCHESTER INTERNATIONAL SUMMER MUSIC COURSE and **FESTIVAL CONCERTS**

4 - 11 August 1979

Directors: James Maddocks, June Mills

Details: Secretary, 52 Ravensdale Avenue, London N12 9HT. Tel: 01-445 7891

St.Ives September Festival **13-23**

Festival of Music and the Arts

for full programme write to:
The Co-ordinator
St Ives September Festival
The Guildhall
St Ives, Cornwall.

YCP

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With Edward Mirzoyan, President of the Composers' Union, Armenian SSR

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Application forms for enrolment and full details of courses and lectures are available from the Administrative Secretary, Institute of Armenian Music, 82 Kensington High Street, London W8.

LONDON 5 — 31 AUGUST 1979

Windsor Festival

15 - 29 September 1979

WINDSOR CASTLE Waterloo Chamber	**London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Celibidache Amadeus String Quartet with Clifford Curzon**
St. George's Chapel	**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Yehudi Menuhin Virgil Fox** — Organ Recital
ETON COLLEGE	**Vladimir Ashkenazy** — Piano Recital **Bach's 'St. Matthew Passion'** in German **Handel's 'Messiah'** Mozart Edition

Following the success of 'Off to the Races' **Sir Hugh Casson, PRA,** will devise another Art Exhibition in the Ringing Chamber of the Curfew Tower.

For details of membership and priority booking send stamped addressed envelope to **Windsor Festival Office, Dial House, Englefield Green, Surrey.**

Stirling District Festival

Stirling District Festival
26th May-10th June 1979
Programme & Diary of Events from
P.O. Box 20, Stirling.

Torch Theatre
MILFORD HAVEN 5267
Summer Season
JUL 18-21; 31 - AUG 4; 14-18
Bedroom Farce
JUL 25-28; AUG 7-11; 21-25
Sweeney Todd

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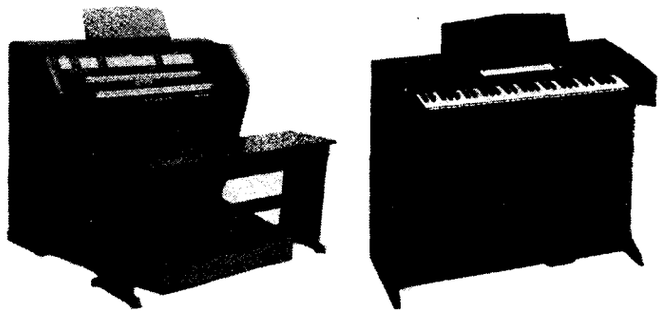

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Manchester International Festival
& Organ Competition

9 - 23 JULY 1980*

SECOND INTERNATIONAL ORGAN COMPETITION

Information and application forms from
The Administrator, Manchester International Festival,
Festival Office, St. Peter's Square, Manchester, M2 5PD.
Telephone 061 236 9422

Details of festival opera, concerts, recitals and fair organ rally will be available from the Festival Office in Autumn 1979.

THE NATIONAL TRUST
POLESDEN LACEY OPEN AIR THEATRE
Great Bookham, Surrey
27 June-8 July
A Midsummer Night's Dream
A Man for All Seasons
Folk Dance & Song
'The Spinners'
Details from 48 The Park, Great Bookham (Bookham 52863)

was changing. Within a few years every sizeable town or city with a progressive council wanted to acquire a festival and many of the existing ones found that it was not enough merely to exist without evolving. The Three Choirs found itself under pressure from the Arts Council, which threatened to withdraw support if the organisers insisted on including Mendelssohn's *Elijah* as an annual event; Cheltenham lost its uniqueness as a platform for living British composers when contemporary music at last began to be disseminated more widely. The eventual establishment of the Arts Council's Contemporary Music Network, which every winter presents a number of country-wide tours by modern-music ensembles, must have been the final stroke. In recent years Cheltenham has apparently become more tourist-conscious, offering in the festival programme civilised, middle-of-the-road music-making that can be happily assimilated along with a Cotswold holiday. It appears to flourish, but then so do all the provincial festivals whose programmes, allowing for local variations, are practically interchangeable.

Only Aldeburgh and Edinburgh of the established festivals seem to have emerged relatively intact from this *nouvelle vague*. Aldeburgh was of course sustained for many years by the aura of its founder and guiding force; who else but Benjamin Britten could have enticed performers of the calibre of Richter, Rostropovitch and Fischer-Dieskau to appear in village halls and parish churches in what was at that time an out-of-the-way corner of Suffolk? Since Britten's death the Aldeburgh regulars have carried on the tradition almost as a memorial, even if the quality of the performances may not have quite the same thrill it once had. It remains to be seen how the festival will adapt, as the memories fade, and what will become the linking thread when new works by Britten can no longer be the star attraction.

Edinburgh, in its glamour and size, remains Britain's only truly international festival, the only one to rank alongside Salzburg and Vienna in its ability to attract the top names. For anyone used to the London musical scene Edinburgh concerts sometimes seem like the pick of the previous South Bank season crammed into three manic weeks; the opera productions add the spice. The blend of specially mounted Scottish Opera and visiting European productions is a

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1979

The Festival of Flanders

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/Seiji Ozawa
CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA/Lorin Maazel
CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA AMSTERDAM/Bernard Haitink
HAMBURG BALLET/John Neumeier
ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC/Zubin Mehta
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ETC.

200 CONCERTS IN THE MEDIEVAL HALLS OF FLANDERS

Information: The Festival of Flanders, BRT- A. Reyerslaan 52 B-1040 BRUSSELS (Belgium) — tel. 02/7373843.

Countries represented at

DURHAM ORIENTAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

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BURMA CHINA HONG KONG INDONESIA
JAPAN KOREA MALAYSIA PHILIPPINES
SINGAPORE THAILAND VIETNAM

CONCERTS LECTURES FILMS
WORKSHOP SESSIONS EXHIBITIONS

Residential accommodation available in a University College.

Details and ticket booking from: **Festival Secretary, School of Oriental Studies, University of Durham, Elvet Hill, Durham DH1 3TH. Tel: Durham 64371.**

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remarkable achievement, especially for a festival which must have finally despaired of ever being able to include a properly equipped opera house in its planning.

Nowadays it's difficult to escape the sense of there being a festival circuit in this country, as identifiable in its own way as the jet-set circuit between the world's major opera houses. This summer, for instance, the Fires of London are touring Maxwell Davies's highly effective chamber opera *The Martyrdom of Saint Magnus*; it's a festival attraction at Bath, Aldeburgh, King's Lynn, Harrogate and the Three Choirs (this year at Hereford), while the Fires also form the backbone of Davies's own Saint Magnus Festival on Orkney. The Bath Festival is altogether an interesting package this year – no accident that it's planned by Sir William Glock, most original of all BBC Controllers of Music: Michael Finnissy is the featured British composer.

Britain, indeed, still lacks an authentic international festival of modern music – an event to rank with Royan, Donaueschingen and the Warsaw Autumn. There could be such an event within a few years, but at present the nearest approach is Glasgow's Musica Nova, a joint venture between Glasgow University and the Scottish National Orchestra. It's a week of master classes, seminars and concerts centred on four composers – this year Brian Ferneyhough, Robin Holloway, Thomas Wilson and Tona Scherchen-Hsaio. The English Bach Festival also used to include a fair measure of contemporary music, but lately it has concentrated more completely on the baroque, presumably on the eminently sound financial grounds that 18th-century novelties are a better box-office attraction than new music. The result has been a valuable contribution to our knowledge particularly of the French baroque, continued this year with staged performances of Rameau's *Zoroastre* and *Hippolyte et Aricie*, two *tragedies-lyriques*.

The EBF began life equally split between Oxford and London but now the bulk of the action takes place in London. It's ironic that when the capital has the cream of the musical talent throughout the year, it also attracts much of the festival interest during the summer months. The BBC claims its Proms season as the world's biggest music festival, but keeps its programmes under wraps until June. In recent years the

spitalfields

250th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

22 – 30 June 1979

Evening Concerts

Fri	22	John Shirley-Quirk and Richard Hickox
Sat	23	Gabrieli String Quartet and John McCabe
Sun	24	Clerkes of Oxenford
Mon	25	Nash Ensemble
Tue	26	Sir Peter Pears, Richard Hickox Orchestra
Wed	27	The English Concert
Thur	28	Jane Manning and Richard Rodney Bennett
Fri	29	Mstislav Rostropovitch and Galina Vishnevskaya
Sat	30	Robert Tear, Felicity Palmer, Charles Brett, Sarah Walker, David Thomas, St. Margaret's Westminster Singers, Wooburn Singers, Richard Hickox Orchestra. **Handel 'Jephtha'.**

Lunchtime Recitals

Fri	22	Melissa Phelps and John York
Sat	23	Andrew Watkinson and Gordon Back
Mon	25	The Wren Consort with Judith Nelson
Tue	26	Elisabeth Perry and Melvyn Tan
Wed	27	Sioned Williams
Thu	28	The Albion Ensemble
Fri	29	Helen Walker and John Alley

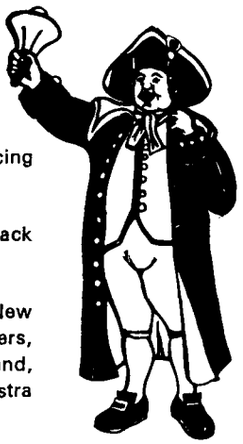
Other Events

*V&A Lectures on Spitalfields Silks (Sat 16, 23, 30)
Master Class - John Carol Case (Fri 29)
Architectural Lectures (Mon 25, Tue 26, Wed 27, Thu 28)
Exhibitions – Spitalfields Travelling Exhibition
Grants to Churches (GLC)

Postal booking and details:
The Secretary
The Friends of Christ Church Spitalfields
45 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LS (SAE Please)

Leicester Festival 1979

18 May - 9 June



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For full details contact the Festival Director, c/o Recreational & Cultural Services Department, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, LEICESTER LE1 6ZG. Tel: 0533 549922.

COVENTRY MYSTERY PLAYS 1979

31 July-18 August

Presented by the Belgrade Theatre in association with Coventry Cathedral in the ruins of the Old Cathedral.

Booking open from 1 May
Tickets £1.85 Children 50p

First performance 31 July 8.30 p.m. Subsequently 3 p.m. Weds and Sats 8.30 eves (Tues-Sat).

for further information write enclosing SAE to
Belgrade Theatre
Corporation Street
Coventry CV1 1GS

FESTIVALS IN GREAT BRITAIN

A list of festivals in Great Britain in 1979 with dates and addresses for further information. Forecast dates also given for 1980 and beyond, where known.

Obtainable for 50p (70p by post) from Arts Council Shop, 8 Long Acre, London WC2E 9LG.

Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

Hereford
THREE CHOIRS festival

19-24 AUGUST

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May 12 – June 2

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Contact

Keith Macklin
Publicity Officer
Warrington 51144

Ilkley Literature Festival

26 May – 2 June

Writers taking part include

Martin Amis · David Benedictus · Malcolm Bradbury · Charles Causley · Henry Chopin · Barry Fantoni · Robert Gittings · Willis Hall · Michael and Frances Horovitz · Francis King · Christopher Logue · George MacBeth · Pete Morgan · Jeff Nuttall · Dr A L Rowse · R C Scriven · E J Thribb

Send s.a.e. for full programme to Festival Office, Ilkley, West Yorks. LS29 8HF

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24 NOV. - 8 DEC. 1979

Artists will include

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★ YFRAH NEAMANN
★ MOURA LYMPANY

Enquiries:
Festival Secretary, Cardiff 44211, ext. 2006.

CAMBRIDGE POETRY FESTIVAL 1979

The third Cambridge Poetry Festival will be held from Friday 8 to Monday 11 June 1979. Poets reading include **Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Donald Davie, Roy Fisher, John Heath-Stubbs, Christopher Logue, Elaine Feinstein, Edmund Jabès, Hans Enzenberger, Edwin Morgan, Joseph Brodsky.**

Concerts, exhibitions, and discussions have also been arranged.

Weekend tickets: £9, guaranteeing entry to all events, may be obtained by sending a cheque made out to the 'Cambridge Poetry Festival Society' and a S.A.E. to **Richard Hammersley (Secretary), 25 Romsey Terrace Cambridge.**

Donations towards financing the Festival should be sent to **Alison Rimmer (Treasurer), 6 Kingston Street, Cambridge CB1 2NU.**

Further information: **Peter Robinson (Co-ordinator), 1 Queensway, Trumpington Road, Cambridge CB2 2AX. Tel. (0223) 64270.**

Proms have seemed to survive on their accumulated prestige, showing little originality and even less adventure. A tourist in London during August has the choice of the Proms or the GLC's South Bank Summer Music; both events now seem more and more oriented towards the casual tourist trade than towards making a substantial contribution to musical variety, though South Bank Summer Music frequently compensates by the vigour and freshness of many of its performances. If one were attempting to write a Baedeker to the festivals of Britain, one would be struck by this ever-present tension between the need to create tourist attractions and the wish to present something musically worthwhile; it seems that only the large, prestigious affairs can nowadays accumulate sufficient momentum to ignore populist demands entirely.

Sean Hignett

Fringe Benefits

There is a verb that flowers briefly each July and August in the long grey days that pass for summer in Edinburgh: festivalising. It means, roughly, planning to go to every event and performance that's in sight and out of. The disease strikes mainly at visitors who, tempted by the opportunity of spending 23 hours a day on a hard seat in a draughty church hall, inevitably end up with a pain in the arts. The locals acquire a partial immunity. Myth has them hiving off to Mull and Majorca and renting their Georgian tenements at vast sums to gullible aesthetes. The reality is that over half of the Fringe's 300,000 tickets and 30% of the official Festival's seats are bought by citizens of Edinburgh. The not-so-silly burghers, though, know when to take it or leave it alone,

WAP 1969-1979

Wavendon Festival '79

Administrator: Kenneth Chaproniere

25th May - 15th July

artists appearing include:

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DORCHESTER ABBEY FESTIVAL 15-24 JUNE 1979

Friday, 15 June 8 p.m.
London Baroque Soloists, conductor **Roger Durston**. Music by **Vivaldi, Bach** and **Handel. Diana Cummings**, violin. **Angela East**, cello.
Saturday, 16 June 12 noon
Classical Guitar Recital by **Adrian Lindsayy**. Works by **Dowland, Weiss, Frescobaldi, Villa-Lobos** and **Lennox Berkeley.**
8 p.m. **Festival Chorus. Elijah.**
20, 21 and 22 June 8.15 p.m.
Plays from the **York** and **Chester Cycles.** Producer: **Daphne Marshall.** Music directed by **Richard Goodall.**
Saturday 23 June 8 p.m.
Newham Brass Band. Director **Ray Farr.** Works by **John Bull, William Byrd, Elgar, Holst, Thea Musgrave, Elgar Howarth.**
Sunday, 24 June 8 p.m.
Poetry Readings by **Oxford Old Fire Station Poets.**

Box Office: Dorchester Festival Office Dorchester on Thames, Oxford. Tel. 0865 340077.

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lurking behind their lace curtains for the reviews of revues and word of mouth of the words-of-mouths before dragging out to some comfortless arena in Corstorphine to see the Domestic Science College of Southern Idaho perform a musical version of Titus Andronicus on stilts.

The problem in recent years, as the Festival's two arms have continued to grow in size, has been finding the right review and locating the mouth for the trusted word. Not so long ago it was easier. The Fringe was smaller and the bars of the Traverse Theatre and Fringe Club had the only 1 a.m. licences. (I neglect the Festival Club which I entered once and found to be all jabots and joolery, skean dhus and hair-dos, with as much atmosphere as the end of the pier in winter – but that *was* a long time ago and the wench may by now be alive.) In those bars, the words would pass. Not many, given the urgency of the drinking, but enough to guide one to where the fringe benefits and official hand-outs lay for the rest of the three weeks.

All that has changed. Not only has the Fringe become so large that getting any kind of opinion in from the boondocks is more difficult, but the Scottish licensing laws collapsed totally a couple of years back. Almost every bothy in town is open 24 hours a day and, by the look of things, often a little longer, so the Traverse and the Fringe Club are no longer the concentrated sources of field intelligence they once were. And by the time reliable recommendations have seeped through the review pages, everybody's heard and tickets have become as rare as a live haggis.

One has to fall back instead on a visiting group's track record and that doesn't always work. Last year I trekked out to Portobello Town Hall to see a never-before-performed Sondheim musical premiered by the University of Southern California. Well, trek is hardly the word as Portobello is the suburb I live in and it was kind of on the way home from the stained glass glories of the Café Royal. By the time the interval-less show had reached one in the morning and the hard seats and reprises looked like lasting till breakfast time, I walked out. There were one or two benefits. Not being a patient at our MP's first-Friday-

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International Festival of Music, P.O. Box 424, CH-6002 Lucerne/Switzerland (phone: 041 22-82-12/23-52-72) or Swiss National Tourist Office, 1 New Coventry Street, London W1V 3HG.

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Full programme and details from:

The Festival Secretary,
c/o Department of Leisure and Recreation,
Hallcraig House, Hallcraig Street, AIRDRIE ML6 6AH.
Telephone: Airdrie 62453.

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Artistic Director: William Mathias

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Full Details from the Secretary, Festival Office, High Street, St. Asaph, Clwyd (send s.a.e.). Tel: 0745 583429.

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For brochure, write to: International Organ Festival Society (Box Office), PO Box 80, St. Albans AL3 4HR, Herts.

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Full programme details from:
Entertainments Officer,
Council Offices, Park Road,
Hengoed, Mid Glam. 0443/812241.

COOKHAM FESTIVAL
May 22 - June 2

DRAMA:- 'Equus', Prospect Theatre with Derek Jacobi, David Ponting, Indian Dance & Drama, Street Theatre.
MUSIC:- Berkshire Youth Orchestra, Reading Phoenix Choir, Caroline Dale & Danielle Salamon, London Baroque Soloists, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, Anthony Goldstone, Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba.
FILMS:- 'The Lace-Maker', 'Stanley Spencer'.
ART EXHIBITIONS:- 'Impact' - Painting, Sculpture, Ceramics, Jewellery, Cookham Arts Club Exhibition, 'Faces & Places', 'Country Assortment'.
BOX OFFICE OPENS MAY 7 at 'The Maltings', High Street, Cookham, Berks. Tel. BOURNE END 28562. (10 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 2.30-5.30 p.m.)

PERSHORE FESTIVAL
1979

16 - 30 June

For brochure send 9" x 4" s.a.e. to:
Miss I. James, Brevern, Birlingham, Pershore, Worcs.

in-the-month surgery, I'd never been inside our quondam town hall before and, once in a while – well, once at least – it's nice to see how one's local High Street looks in the middle of a summer night. When the show finished, somewhere around 5 a.m. it felt like, an emergent American asked me which way Edinborrow was. I couldn't resist pointing straight at the ground – like being asked the way to London from Battersea. To my astonishment, the show received lead reviews so perhaps I'd have been led there anyway by word of mouth. You wouldn't have been led there by mine.

On the official side there is, this year – the 33rd – the excitement of a new director, John Drummond, whose appointment was described to me last week by the lady on the top of the Morningside omnibus as the best thing to happen to the Festival for years. Drummond's a Diaghilev buff and, as the opening day of the Festival is the 50th anniversary of the impresario's death, there's no need to guess at this year's theme, reflected on stage, in exhibitions and in the concert hall. Alongside, there's a one-off, Edinburgh-only, exhibition of the works Degas was painting 100 years ago at the time of the Fourth Impressionist exhibition, and the welcome return of a most unlikely venue; the gymnasium of Moray House College. I saw the La Mama Company's *Trojan Women* there three years ago. The acoustics were superb and the use made of this tall, stark, bare-brick games hall, overwhelming. Whether it can be used to the same effect by the Traverse, who are moving into the official programme with plays by Tom McGrath and Billy Connolly, remains to be word-of-mouthed.

And at last the official Festival is putting a tentative toe into waters well paddled by the Fringe and taking the show out on the road. Each week an artist in residence will perform for free around town. The first week its a tootle on the flute from James Galway in shopping precincts and housing schemes. It's an innovation welcomed by Alistair Moffat, the director and only permanent staff of the Fringe. 'I'm glad to see the official Festival getting off their arse and doing something at last. We've always had to carry the banner of making the city *look* festive.' Well, the banners are quite literally being carried by the Contrade di Cori, described in the brochure as a colourful bunch of Italian flag-wavers who will perform outdoors, on the streets and in super-markets. If they're listening, ours is called ASDA and with the way the price of fish is going, we're going to need a bit of flag-waving to cheer us up by the end of August.

CHESTER FESTIVAL 1979
23 June-8 July

includes Pageant 'Chester Tales'

Programme 10p + postage
Publicity Officer (NS)
Town Hall, Chester

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
30 April - 5 May

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Lancaster literature festival April 27 — May 7 1979

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More information from	For tickets phone
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St. Leonard's House, St. Leonardgate	(0524) 414110
Lancaster Tel: (0524) 60141 33343	

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24 May to 15 June

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Also: barber-shop, 14th Century French and Italian music, and anthems by Boyce and Attwood.

Exhibitions from the National Portrait Gallery; and "The Art of the Felt Maker" from the Middle East.

Programme and booking form from Festival Secretary,
4 South Craig, Windermere.

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Selected Festivals

The selection printed below has been taken largely from information sent to us by festival organisers. A more comprehensive list is available in the Arts Council pamphlet *Festivals in Great Britain 1979*.

Arts in General

Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts *8-24 June*
Barnwood Festival of Worship and the Arts *6-13 May*
Bath Festival *18 May-2 June*
Battle Festival *20-29 July*
Boston Festival *8-24 June*
Braintree Arts Festival *14 April-28 May*
Brighton Festival *5-19 May*
Buxton Festival *30 July-12 August*
Cambridge Festival *14-29 July*
Chester Festival *23 June-8 July*
Chichester 904 Festivities *7-21 July*
Church Stretton and South Shropshire Arts Festival *21 July-4 August*
Cookham Festival *22 May-2 June*
Dorchester Abbey Festival *15-24 June*
Eastbourne Festival of Music and the Arts *19 May-2 June*
Edinburgh International Festival and Edinburgh Fringe Festival *19 August-8 September*
Gloucester Festival *28 July-11 August*
Greenwich Festival *9-24 June*
Harrogate Festival *1-15 August*
King's Lynn Festival *20-28 July*
Lake District Festival *25 May-15 June*
Leicester Arts Festival *18 May-9 June*
Little Missenden Festival *6-14 October*
London Entertains *15-17 July*
Malvern Festival *21 May-10 June*
Mansfield Festival *7-28 October*
Minehead and Exmoor Festival *15-28 July*

NEWCASTLE Festival JUNE 15 – JULY 1

CLASSICAL CONCERTS Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Scottish National Orchestra, Northern Sinfonia Orchestra, Bach Organ Recitals, Julian Lloyd Webber, Robert White.

VARIETY Bobby Thompson, Larry Grayson, Festival Music Hall, Marian Montgomery & Richard Rodney Bennett, Roy Castle, Frank Wappat & The Dragoni Brothers, Ian Wallace.

LITERARY EVENTS Allen Ginsberg, Tennessee Williams Angela Carter, Stan Barstow, C.P. Taylor, Michelle Wallace, Helene Cixous, Richard Adams, P.J. Kavanagh.

TALKS Percy Edwards, Alec Rose, Roland Penrose, Jonathan Miller.

JAZZ Clark Terry Big Band, Acker Bilk, John Taylor Octet.

FOLK Ar Log, Ewan Maccoll & Peggy Seeger, Tom Shepley's Band, High Level Ranters, Jimmy McKillop, The Bully Wee Band.

THEATRE 'The Wild Duck' –Ibsen, 'The Crucible' – Arthur Miller, 'Cabaret' – Masterhoff, Kanda & Ebb, 'Bandits' – C.P. Taylor.

EXHIBITIONS

Max Ernst, Richard Hamilton, Steven Trower, Michael Rothenstein.

PLUS Outdoor & Community Events, Lunchtime Recitals & Readings.

Full Brochure: **Newcastle Festival, 7 Saville Place, Newcastle upon Tyne. Telephone: 0632-20844**

33rd Stroud Festival

6 - 20 OCTOBER 1979

EXHIBITIONS • DRAMA • MUSIC • POETRY PUPPETS • MIME • BALLET

Brochures (after 1 July) from:
The Secretary, 79 Middle Street, Stroud, Glos. GL5 1EA.

INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIONS
Closing date 30 June 1979
S.a.e. for Entry Forms from:

POETRY
Mr. D. L. Worsfield
Shepherds Hoe
Rodborough Common
Stroud, Glos. GL5 5BN

SCRIPT
Mr C. L. Brooks
Coppers, Blueboys Park
Minchinhampton
Glos.

Gloucester Festival '79

Sat. 28th July
Sat. 11th Aug

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Music. Exhibitions
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Full details from
GLOUCESTER LEISURE CENTRE
Station Rd. Gloucester. Tel. Glos 36498

Bath Festival
18 May-3 June 1979

Full brochure and booking form (12p in stamps) from
Bath Festival Office (Dept NS), Linley House, 1 Pierrepont Place, Bath BA1 1JY. (0225 63362)

PETWORTH FESTIVAL 1979
of English Music and Art
14th - 17th SEPTEMBER

For further information S.A.E. to The Festival Secretary, Glebe Cottage, Bartons Lane, Petworth, West Sussex.

PERTH FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
May 17-27, 1979

Programme & Diary of Events from Festival Headquarters, The Round House, Perth.

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OXFORD FESTIVAL 1979
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Newcastle Festival *15 June-1 July*
Nottingham Festival *2-17 June*
Pershore Festival *16-30 June*
Perth Festival of the Arts *17-27 May*
Petworth Festival *14-17 September*
Portsmouth Festival *9-26 May*
Salisbury Festivities *9-19 September*
Sevenoaks Summer Festival *7-20 July*
Stoke Prior Autumn Arts Festival *4-12 October*
Stirling District Festival *26 May-10 June*
Stroud Festival *6-22 October*
Swansea Festival of Music and the Arts *1-20 October*
Warrington Festival *12 May-2 June*
Windsor Festival *15-29 September*
WEA Festival (Edinburgh) *30 April-5 May*

Music

Benson & Hedges Festival of Chamber Music (Aldeburgh) *1-7 October*
Bracknell Festival of English Music *20-22 July*
Cheltenham International Festival of Music *6-15 July*
Cleveland Inter-TIE *19-26 July*
Durham Music Festival *14 October-11 November*
English Bach Festival (London) *27 April-6 May*; (Oxford) *May-June*
Festival of English Music (Christ Church, Spitalfields) *22-30 June*
Fishguard Music Festival *20-28 July*
Henry Wood Promenade Concerts *20 July-15 September*
International Festival of Youth Orchestras (London) *1-5 August;* (Scotland) *7-19 August*
International Organ Festival (St Albans) *1-7 July*
Leeds Music Festival *25 May-2 June*
Leicester Proms *6-9 June*
Musica Deo Sacra (Tewkesbury) *6-12 August*
North Wales Music Festival (St Asaph) *23-29 September*
Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales *6-11 August*
SNO Proms (Dundee) *10-12 May*; (Edinburgh) *1-9 June*; (Glasgow) *14-30 June*
Southern Cathedrals Festival (Salisbury) *26-29 July*
Three Choirs Festival (Hereford) *19-24 August*
Tilford Bach Festival *16-19 May*
Wavendon Season (Milton Keynes) *25 May-8 July*
West Riding Cathedrals Festival (Bradford) *5-7 October*

Folk & Jazz

Billingham International Folklore Festival *11-18 August*
Bracknell Folk Festival *13-15 July*
Bracknell Jazz Festival *7-8 July*
Cambridge Folk Festival *27-29 July*
Kendal Folk Festival *24-26 August*
Newcastle Jazz Festival *19-28 October*
Sidmouth International Folklore Festival *3-10 August*
Tyne & Wear Folk Moot *7-14 July*
Wick Festival of Poetry/Jazz/Folk *9-12 August*

Drama

Bear Gardens Bankside Festival (London) *22 April-30 September*
Brownsea Open Air Theatre Festival *23 July-3 August*
Minack Theatre Festival *25 June-8 September*
Pitlochry Festival Theatre Season *11 May-6 October*
Polesden Lacey Open Air Theatre Festival *27-30 June, 4-8 July*
Rye Festival of Music and Drama *1-8 September*
St Endellion Festival of Music and Drama *1-10 August*

Poetry & Literature

Cambridge Poetry Festival *8-11 June*
Cheltenham Festival of Literature *1-4 November*
Cley Little Festival of Poetry *16 & 18 May*
Ilkley Literature Festival *26 May-2 June*
Lancaster Festival of Literature *27 April-7 May*
Oxford Festival of Poetry *29 April-12 May*
Stratford-upon-Avon Poetry Festival *8 July-2 September*

Film

Edinburgh International Film Festival *19 August-1 September*

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Mozart — Così fan tutte
Tchaikowsky — The Queen of Spades
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

The Waking Dream

The Family Reunion *Roundhouse*
The Churchill Play *Warehouse*
She Would If She Could *Greenwich*
Cymbeline *Stratford*

If you want an example of theatre criticism at its cruellest, let me recommend an essay about *The Family Reunion* published in 1950. The play lacks dramatic development. The conclusion is abrupt, and comes after 'an interminable time of preparation'. The attempt to transform the four layabout aunts and uncles into a chorus is woefully unsuccessful. Some of the passages of poetry are 'too much like operatic arias', and insufficiently integrated into the action. The play fails to reconcile Greek myth with the drawing room, and the introduction of updated Furies is a particular disaster, since they are doomed to look either like uninvited guests strayed in from a fancy dress ball or a still from a Disney movie. These quaint confections 'must in future be omitted from the cast'. Finally, the audience is left unsure whether it's meant to sympathise with a tragic mother or, as seems to have been intended, with the 'insufferable prig' who finds salvation by rejecting her, her house and heritage.

It's an assault that has to be taken seriously, because the critic with the long-sword was the play's author, T. S. Eliot himself. Had he, as he thought, learnt wisdom 11 years after the event, or had he simply lost his nerve? The answer offered by Michael Elliott's production is unequivocally the second. Consider its Furies. They don't have to be excused on the negative grounds that not everyone jeers at them. On the contrary, they are positively magnificent: towering spooks in dead-white cowls who glide onstage in the dark and proceed to ice up our assembled backbones and leave our collective unconscious crawling with half-remembered horrors. Eliot's verse, which is crammed with chilly nostalgia and childhood dread, gives them aptness enough; but, even if this were not so, it would be perfectly possible to accept their intrusion. After all, we no longer demand chintz consistency from drama that happens to have a modern setting. What Elliott's Eliot surely shows us is how very easily nowadays we can tolerate incongruity of style, tone and mood: the chorus on the patterned carpet, Aeschylus on the armchair, pre-echoes of *The Four Quartets* beside the drinks cupboard.

One might go still further, and claim the play as an attack, as prescient as it is sweeping, on the domestic drama that had dominated the theatre for so long. Not only does it introduce subversive effects into the inner sanctum of naturalism: it persistently exposes the awful triviality of the characters cluttered inside. It is as if Eliot was telling those self-important uncles and jabbering aunts to get back to Pinero, Lonsdale or wherever they belonged, and hand over the drawing room to those prepared to soar rather than snooze. True, *The Cocktail Party*, 10 years later, is as severe about the state of the soul as *The Family Reunion*; but something has been lost in the way of imaginative exuberance and verbal excitement. And by *The Confidential Clerk*, in 1953, those commodities have all but disappeared. The crusading poet, intimidated by convention, has taken to tailoring three-piece plays in grey serge.

The only piece of post-hoc self-abuse that seems remotely justified by the present production is the description of Harry Monchensey as an insufferable prig. The meek and apologetic Celia Copplestone, who ends *The Cocktail Party* crucified on an anthill, is certainly a more attractive advertisement for Eliot's anglo-catholicism than this glumly self-absorbed lordling, who simply mooches off to offer his dubious talents to some missionary society. At times his denunciations of relatives who have 'gone through life in a sleep' smack less of the embryo saint than of the sanctimonious adolescent, hectoring the grown-ups for daring to be fallible. No actor could altogether correct this impression, but a little irony, a dab or two of self-contempt on top of all that contempt, would surely help. Alas, this isn't forthcoming from Edward Fox, a sombre and sometimes forceful Harry, but one who depends too much on the furrowed brow, the grim line of the lips, the episcopal throb. It's a reservation, and a biggish one; yet it doesn't prevent us walking away from an otherwise well-cast, impeccably-played production with a feeling of exhilaration and loss. Exhilaration at the rediscovery of a minor classic, and loss because others' myopia and his own self-doubt cost us a major dramatist.

And how has Howard Brenton's *Churchill Play* weathered since Nottingham 1974? Well, the salvation it would like to offer is a political and social one, and therefore more liable to date, at least in detail. The forecast that inflation would take a bar of chocolate from 10p to £5.50 by 1984, the year in which the action ominously occurs, now seems a bit pessimistic, and has been cut. A reference to a Special Powers Act of 1977 has also vanished, victim of history rather happier than Brenton cared to believe. On the other hand, the impending accession to power of the Iron Lady makes the general scenario look marginally more plausible than it did only a few months ago: a Con-Lab coalition in office, women bureaucrats dreaming up refinements of torture in Whitehall, strikers and other unruly elements guarded by a murderous military in concentration camps like the one in which Brenton sets his play.

This is important as the first and perhaps the best example of our burgeoning Theatre of Cataclysm, a genre attacked in the March *Plays and Players* by the much-missed Irving Wardle for its ex-cathedra fear-mongering and its 'unaccountability to the visible world'. The official British myth, he argues, is being replaced by the myth of the British Gulag. This apparent extravagance bothers me, too; and I'm not altogether satisfied by the answer provided by the better class of SF, that even an exorbitant future can encourage us to look a little more critically at those aspects of the present from which it is presumed to derive. If Brenton is right to warn us that the years in Ulster may produce a much more politically aware and ruthless army, he is too skimpy with the detail that might help explain an inflation rate of 5,500 per cent, let alone the existence of an English Belsen coyly named after Sir Winston and symbolising what's supposed to be that statesman's syphilitic effect upon the body politic. Excrescences so specific can't be justified by vague appeals to 'metaphoric truth' or somesuch: they need evidence.

Barry Kyle gets some pretty uneven performances from his cast, a complaint that may also be made of the production of Etherege at Greenwich. And what possessed Jonathan Miller to mark his return to the stage with a Restoration comedy so rich in situations more wittily handled by later playwrights, and so resistant to his talent for social observation? And what is possessing David Jones to abandon London and Stratford for the Brooklyn Academy when his nation patently needs him? His *Cymbeline* isn't a major triumph, though it has a sweet and sentient Imogen in Judi Dench, a baleful and rigid king in Jeffery Dench, and, in Bob Peck and Ben Kingsley, two unusual villains. The first is a vast, mincing, all-green Cloten, who looks as if he's stepped out of an ad for sweetcorn and yet sounds more like an outrageous queen than the outrageous queen herself; and the second, playing the yellow Iachimo, raises mockery to the level of psychosis. But the production has sweep, scope, subtlety and a clarity hard to prise from a play that, you'll remember, made Bernard Shaw want to dig up Shakespeare and throw stones at him. This time, he would have left the bard in peace.

Television

Julian Barnes

Dead Sheep

As far as this particular viewing couch goes, the battle for my Election allegiance is over. I'll be watching it on ITV. It's been done, too, I'm ashamed to admit, with publicity handouts. The BBC have for weeks been sending out dreary purple news sheets full of timings, telephone numbers of people you'd hate to have to ring, and lists of unappealing press conferences (at the very moment of writing this, for instance, I appear to be missing a photocall in the Wood Lane Bridge Lounge for the Beeb's Election Team). ITV, by contrast, have wooed and won me with a chunky 160-page 'factbook' authored by the news-reading sage Alastair Burnet. It's built like a desk diary, and is full of jolly maps, coloured pages, and rather cheeky judgments on all the candidates in the marginal seats. Now and then only the imprudent would trust it – as when it authoritatively describes constituencies as '41.4 per cent middle class' – and I'm a bit worried about the way the Liberal candi-

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dates in Bolton West and Stockport North are both listed as 'John Hartley' (I knew the Liberals were in favour of abortion and homosexuality: I didn't know they were so keen on cloning). But I will find it more than profitable, as the results start flowing and I switch on my Sunlight electric critic's pen, to have at hand the knowledge that Nicholas Fairbairn designs his own Commons working suit, and that in Cleveland the farmers are angry about sheep being killed on unfenced roads (there could be a few write-in votes here for Auberon Waugh).

Going by the factbook, the Election on ITV is simply going to be a lot more exciting than on BBC. I turned, for instance, to my own constituency and read that my sitting MP:

> got the nomination in 1969 after a sudden influx of Irish members into the moribund party. There are regular punch-ups, bottle attacks, and rows over voting irregularities which have even put the local party under threat of disbandment, Mr. ——— survives with the support of the Catholic Church, and under the anathema of the pro-abortionists.

Now, wouldn't you want to vote in a lively constituency like that? I won't tell you where it is, in case you all move in for the political excitement and send house prices rocketing, but I *am* prepared to tell you what we always do round here on election nights: sweep the bottles off the front path, run up the metal shutters, and settle down with ITV.

The only Election commercial I've so far found myself unavoidably detained in front of was last week's Tory one, which was so joyously indistinguishable from a *Monty Python* sketch that it must have lost its sponsors a good few thousand votes. Using an athletics metaphor, it had labour managers hanging huge weights (marked Nationalisation, etc.) round the necks of our plucky Brit runners to slow them down and allow them to be overtaken by Nips, Krauts, Frogs, etc. After protests from the crowd, the Labour trainers are replaced by Tory ones, who promptly remove the weights, and the Brit athletes storm away from the Nips, Krauts, Frogs, etc. It was, of course, slick and quite empty of facts, but it did look gratifyingly expensive to shoot, which one hopes is counterproductive. It ended hilariously with Mrs Thatcher telling us, while sitting in front of a tasteful fir hedge, that we all need a sense of humour. The hedge was wafting to and fro (presumably because that's how Nature looks its best); Mrs T's hair, on the other hand, which was meant to be only a couple of feet in front of it, was completely unwafted (because that's how she looks her best). A sheet of glass? Back-projection? Harmony hairspray? Or just another bit of Tory fiddling with reality?

'One had a kind of licence to ruin other people's lives in the war', mused Felix, the viyella-shirted, cardigan-ridden doctor of Elizabeth Jane Howard's *After Julius;* and he was also, with unknowing irony, making the novel's wider point – that the dead of a war may have a licence to wreck the remaining years of those who survive them. Julius's widow, her two daughters, and her former lover Felix, all of whom have been crucially damaged by Julius's death and their respective guilts, meet over a weekend when the dead man, like some influential planet, is exerting his full psychological pull. Yorkshire Television cleverly spread their three-part adaptation over the same three days which the novel charts, and awarded Miss Howard's script an excellent cast: Faith Brook, John Carson (perhaps over-articulating that deep brown voice so that we shouldn't be too much reminded of all his commercials), the gawkily pretty Petra Markham; even the minor parts – especially Mrs Hanwell (Freda Bamford) and Major Hawkes (Raymond Francis) – were articulated with verve.

Yet though the plays kept one thoroughly occupied, they failed to claw as frettingly at the emotions as one had anticipated. Television sells all fiction short, of course; here, though, the novel had more than usual to lose in those areas where tubed fiction is vulnerable. *After Julius* (Penguin 95p) contains much acute – and amusing – analysis of the play of emotion and motive; television can't represent such analysis without an intrusive voice-over. Television is external and plotty; Miss Howard's novel, in many telling areas, is internal and reflective. For example, Dan's seduction of Emma appeared in the television adaptation as merely a yob rape (with an accordingly reductive effect on our view of his character); in the book it's anticipated, 40 pages earlier, by a puzzled, bitter Dan wondering why everything has gone wrong: 'Maybe if he'd gone straight for her from the start, he wouldn't be feeling so filled with anger now. Probably that was what she'd expected. To be thrown on a bed and have her clothes ripped off . . .' Pared – inevitably – of such complicating explanations, the story was forced into a more melodramatic focus: it engaged, but only occasionally moved.

Radio

Peter Porter

Talking Up

Radio is good at unobtrusive confrontations. One Sunday evening recently, you could switch straight from the gentlemanly Christianity of Dr Edward Norman to the involved and pastoral Christianity of Reinhold Niebuhr. A two-hour debate on *The Reith Lectures*, in which Dr Norman talked with an Anglican, two South American Catholics and a Russian Orthodox Metropolitan, might seem a formula for smugness or obfuscation, but it was continuously interesting, partly at least because Derek Robinson, of *Disgusted Tunbridge Wells* and *Get Squash Straight*, was the ideal chairman. Under his guidance, *Religion and Politics* (Radio 3) did not plunge immediately into controversy and accusation, but warmed up slowly, like a missionary in a cannibal's pot. It was hard to tell how hot Dr Norman found it at the end, since he is both sure he is right and highly disciplined, but the courtesy of everybody present did nothing to reduce the sense of violence behind the confrontation. I must confess to being less interested in the correctness or otherwise of Dr Norman's arguments than in observing his uneasiness with the evangelical inheritance of his faith. By referring always to Christ as 'Our Lord' an Anglican can almost fit Him into a Cambridge college. South American theologians, even if they teach in universities, are forced to see Christ on the streets. Even if one inclines by temperament towards Dr Norman's position, it is impossible to feel that his Christianity has much to do with the Man of the Gospels.

After switching to Vernon Sproxton's *A Timeless Prophet* (Radio 4) and hearing Reinhold Niebuhr's urgent American voice, I found Dr Norman's analysis of the politicising of Christianity even more irrelevant. Niebuhr would have asserted that religion and politics belong together anyway. His social democratic radicalism accepted neither simplification nor Marxism: Auden and Eliot were his close friends and he combined academic theology with pastoral work in many American dioceses. Sproxton's presentation of Niebuhr's life and thought was spiced with many appealing memories by old friends including Wedgwood Benn, Denis Healey and Isaiah Berlin, but was a little light on theology. Nevertheless, this programme, Dr Norman's action replay and the Easter series of sermons, read by actors, *Upon the Resurrection* (Radio 4) – with only one dud, an especially limp piece by Ronald Knox – went a long way to justify my belief that God is more interesting on the air than sex.

Various preoccupations have widened the gap since my last review, but I feel more self-pitying than apologetic. Monitoring radio is like trying to keep up with the output of Fleet Street: it's more than one man can do. But I must go back several weeks and commend in the highest terms a five-programme series on Radio 3, *Mind, Matter and Mechanism*, in which John Maddox surveyed recent progress in understanding how the human brain works. Maddox has the ability to present ideas in such a way that you find yourself thinking beyond your powers, and yet remaining confident that illumination will follow. This process of 'talking up' is the opposite of television's popularising, and it suits radio perfectly. The material of these programmes was so fascinating and important, and its presentation so elegant, that I urge the BBC to broadcast the series again very soon.

The Radiophonic Workshop's 21st birthday celebrations were rather disappointing. *We Have Also Sound Houses* (Radio 3) took its title from Francis Bacon but was more confused than that fussy casuist would have cared for. Despite the pioneer atmosphere and parallels with *New Atlantis*, the Workshop's greatest successes have been with its simplest effects. Bloodnok's stomach and the theme tune of *Dr Who* are not just popular achievements which have earned their creators the right to experiment more whole-heartedly; they are better uses of invented sound than much which the Workshop has done in serious vein. Both this programme and *Sound in Mind* (Radio 3) seemed faintly complacent and I was surprised that so little was said about radiophonic scores as such. The name of David Cain was not mentioned. A birthday rock opera, *Rockoco* (Radio 2), fizzled uncertainly, with a stale lost-in-space, diverted-to-a-Barbarella-type-planet plot, and reel-to-reel beat music.

Paul Scofield broadcast a strange tour-de-force, which has received little notice – *Virgil Dying* (Radio 3). Gabriel Josipovici is well known as an experimental prose-writer, a term of warning in my vocabulary, but the text he wrote for the dying thoughts of the poet immured at Brindisi was regrettably flat and forecastable. Browningesque audacity of insight was missing and the language was laced with cliché. Since it lasted more than

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two hours, the monologue managed to cover all Virgil's career but the convention wore thin by the end – why did the dying poet need to tell himself so much? Scofield's performance almost saved the day. His voice is mesmerically effective and he can adorn verbal commonplaces with inflections which make them live. But I longed for one sharp phrase, or even some experimental quirk within the pious orthodoxy.

Radio 3 revived an excellent performance of *Henry V*, and *Kaleidoscope* put on a special programme in honour of Shakespeare's birthday. The Bard being patriotic enough to get himself born on St George's Day, Michael Oliver tracked him down to his Southwark haunts last Monday night, and interviewed him about the Globe, the Bear Gardens, etc. Shakespeare had to give way pretty often to modern authorities on his works and their age, and did so amiably enough, but I was disconcerted to hear him say 'you know' at least half a dozen times while explaining how his theatre worked. It was a pleasant and ingenious programme which crammed a great deal of information into three-quarters of an hour, but some listeners may have been confused by Shakespeare's modern (almost Secondary Modern) accent, especially if they hadn't read the BBC's publicity sheet which announced that a contributor to this *Kaleidoscope* edition would be a man who believes he is the bard reincarnate, dresses in Tudor fashion, and calls himself William Shakespeare. Not so odd a belief, perhaps – I've never met a poet who didn't think he was Shakespeare really.

Sport

Russell Davies

Padding Up

Monday's dawn broke benignly over Fenner's Cricket Ground, and the rain held off for several minutes. Glumly splashing through the Cambridge streets, your reporter went about his tasks, until, at lunchtime, there suddenly appeared, over the University Arms Hotel, a patch of blue. So your damp reporter hastened to Fenner's, just in time to see umpires Lloyd Budd (passable imitation of Father Time) and Terry Spencer (a mere sprog in umpirical terms) padding out to the middle, followed at a trot and a caper by the Young Gentlemen of the University, under their conductor I. Greig, brother of A. W., the David Frost of the cricket world.

Two wickets being down for 140-odd, in reply to the YGs' 197, Essex were represented at the crease by K. McEwan and K. Fletcher, the former discreetly helmeted in perspex and the latter prodding up and down in his perennial bent, apologetic posture, the one that suggests he would be more than happy to lie down and roll into a ball. The University bowlers proved interesting. There is still Popplewell, a physically unintimidating paceperson with whom liberties, nonetheless, are not taken; and this time there was also a sizeable blond element called, of all hearty and traditional things, Surridge, who was hurling them down with some venom at one stage, and getting a bit of spring out of a skiddy pitch. Quite a lot of snicks and squirts were perpetrated on the off side from both bowlers; the progress of neither batsman towards his 50 could be called inexorable. In the end, McEwan didn't get there at all, aiming a square slash at Popplewell and giving a fast, direct catch to wicketkeeper Cotterill.

As McEwan stumped off and more clouds shot over, changing the weather from balmy to parky and back again within half a minute, there was just time to turn round and ascertain that the dreadful start-of-season rumour was true: no beer-tent. The usual merry sprinkling of sheepskin-lined spectators, yes; the odd long-range photographer, too, deploying lenses like mortars and shutters louder than the play itself; and there went John Lever, Pink Panthering his way around the boundary with what the small boys agreed, strangely in view of the season, was a bag of plums. But of *****'s beer-tent nary a peg nor flap, let alone the cheering mug that puts some phantom luxury into the experience of sitting around under groaning skies watching the YGs barely staving off humiliation. I shall be happy to name the brewery concerned – they are football financiers, which may explain a lot – when they reinstigate this vital service.

Having reached an honourable 50 with a couple of securer strokes, Fletcher evidently felt he had done his pipe-opening bit, and thereafter greeted all balls not of yorker length with an ungainly swipe. Crawford, a furry medium-pacer who seeks to deceive by running in at three different paces in as many strides, finally wrenching his arm over with crippling violence, was the one to benefit by this, bowling the former Test star noisily. This left Hardie and Pont to face an attack refreshed by the introduction of a man called Pringle. Where Greig had been hiding Pringle in the field I'm not sure, but I'm surprised I hadn't noticed him, for he is a bumper family-size sort of individual who brings the ball down from a Greig-like (A.W.) altitude, and with a lot more back and shoulder. K. Pont had just fiddled his way to double figures when Pringle secured his dismissal.

And at this point, having convinced himself a) that the season had truly begun and b) that the unpaintably nasty sky would not be long in bringing the spectacle to a thunderous close, your alternately clammy and steaming reporter felt justified in tooling off home – thus missing the six ('tremendous' – the *Guardian*) with which Stuart Turner greeted the cloudburst and inaugurated his benefit season. So it was home for a cup of tea and a read of *Wisden* in front of a roaring baby. Fearing the collectors' mania that might get me scrabbling through dim bookshops in cathedral cities on a wild search for back numbers at monster prices, I have never owned a Wisden before. Looking at the Preface of the new one, however, I see I have joined at an auspicious time: things have just made a new start. 'Responsibility for this, the 116th consecutive edition of *Wisden*', writes the Editor, Norman Preston (MBE), 'has been passed to Macdonald and Jane's . . . Regular readers will find everything in the same place as usual.' Jolly good. Mind you, the Births and Deaths section has been laboriously revised, according to new and sparklingly vague criteria: 'One feels that any cricket player or personality who reaches a sufficiently high standard, or stamps his personality on the game in an above-average manner, will obtain permanent inclusion in the Wisden register.' It is as well to realise what acts of boldness this policy involves, viz: 'It is with a clear conscience that the compiler introduces such people as "Lord John" Shilton, the Warwickshire professional who lived like a millionaire and died a pauper, and Bill Bestwick, erstwhile pub brawler and drunkard who worked down the pit at an age at which criminal responsibility is now denied, but who was fit enough to bowl fast and successfully for his county aged 50 and then became a respected umpire.' (This serves to remind us, incidentally, how cricket serves as one of the few and curious channels of communication via which the English upper class is allowed to admire representatives of the lower orders.)

As the little creaks in the *Births and Deaths* editorial suggest, one cannot count on the uttermost in literacy here (Tony Lewis's article on captaincy opens by denying the possibility of composing 'the definite treatise' on the subject); but this will scarcely worry the book's true fans – the list-obsessed. The whole volume is a paradise for the anal personality, the alphabetical browser. 'Dates In Cricket History' is delightful all round ('1858: First recorded instance of hat being given to the bowler for taking three wickets with consecutive balls'); while the pleasure in knowing, say, that persons called Baumgartner, Pothecary, Promnitz and Zulch once played Test cricket for South Africa resides in its perfect uselessness. For those of us who no longer nourish hopes of stamping our personality on the game in an above-average manner, there is already refuge in these lovely, unnecessary, overgrown stax of fax.

Films

John Coleman

Looking Good

The Getting of Wisdom (A) *Academy Two*
Don's Party (X) *Odeon, Kensington; Screen on the Green*
The Riddle of the Sands (U) *Plaza 2 from 2 May*
The Children of Theatre Street (U) *Studio, Oxford Street*
Death Trap (X) *Filmcenta; Scene*

There are a couple of fairly terrible performances in Bruce Beresford's *The Getting of Wisdom*, yet another of those amazingly good-looking films from Australia. Mr B. must be responsible, since the persons in question are Barry Humphries, playing a priest into the ground, and Robert Helpman's sister – Sheila – stalking through as the mask-faced headmistress of a grandish school in Melbourne somewhere around the turn of the century. This, you could argue, is interesting waste, by which I intend that the director felt himself with yards and birds to spare. He was always on to a good thing, a strong, strange novel by one Ethel Richardson which came out in 1910 and was met with a largish degree of moral worry. It concerns herself and Mr Beresford has probably been faithful to it

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(haven't read, so don't know): more to the point, it concerned your reviewer, arousing conflicting emotions in him. The miss who has the wisdom from the first is a marvellous *jolie-laide*, a put-down, uprising, crinkled-smiling, frighteningly alert person called Laura, the original scholarship girl, and Susannah Fowle plays her as if her life depended on it: impeccably.

It really is worth a look, nay, commands it; tells a tale of a girl who makes it against the odds; is a true oddity. Some films work by enshrining performances. This is such an occasion. Miss Fowle is a find. But whither Australian cinema, which seems to be awfully good these days compared with our home-grown rubbish? After all, we have been here – or hereabouts – before. There was that blissful, scented cloud of girls in Peter Weir's *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and there was Fred Schepisi's *The Devil's Playground*, where Roman Catholic boys glamorously had a time of it, was there not? Am I alone in puzzling about not just the resurgence – sorry, surgence – of Oz movies, but the nostalgic/commercial/historical/pastoral directions they are taking? They are a fresh element on the scene, in that they lean backwards, beautifully. They seem scared of facing the present. Finely giving me the lie on that is another film of Bruce Beresford's, *Don's Party*, some two years older than *The Getting of Wisdom*, which locates itself in 1969 suburban Sydney, election time. It is the kind of film one is rather for since most of us like to go to a party, anyway. But Don's? Well, actually, yes. The women get most of the better lines and good luck to them. 'I've been out of the human race for the last 10 years,' one of them delivers, like a little bomb. The event, of course, is a screened version of a play by David Williamson (1971).

This bit of Beresford probably diminishes it – fails, as the phrase goes, to do it justice. Surely, that would always have been summary. To watch a neatly assorted mob of Australians get very drunk is a situation open to hostility, from the first. Husbands and wives, lovers and lovers, bruisers and the bruised, go through their motions. One even steps in one. For all that, it is quite genial.

Tony Maylam's *The Riddle of the Sands* is likewise, though a thoroughly other kettle of fish. This is drawn from somewhere else, too: a highly eccentric novel dating from 1903 by Erskine Childers, no less, and – through fantasy – trying to advise our then government about the vulnerability of our eastern coastline to German attack. Mr Mayla and John Bailey have turned in a spiffing script: I swear, at one station of the plot (and there are many, equipped with steaming locomotives), to have registered some such verbiage as, 'Chuck it, Carruthers!' Carruthers is Michael York, that lovely ultra-Britisher, and his admonisher is one Davies, a tremendous sailor (this is a very watery piece), cleanly played by Simon MacCorkindale. I suppose you could say they have, between them, a lot of fun with the Hun. This pleasant, silly entertainment is ravishingly shot, mostly by the excellent Christopher Challis. Mist, grey, amber, reeds, masts stiff into the sky, the wide screen *used* widely: an etched look and even feel to the thing. A pity the pretty Jenny Agutter comes and goes for nothing.

Meanwhile, there is Princess Grace of Monaco rabbiting on through one of the best films I have ever seen about ballet, *The Children of Theatre Street*, circling round 'the Vaganova Choreographic Institute, known more informally as the Kirov School' (hand-out) and based in Russia. You guessed. What you might not guess, or expect, or remotely anticipate, is that this is Russia gone Hollywood. It is surely the most audacious, hence interesting, length of cinema to emerge from the USSR since that lady got her specs damaged on the Odessa steps. Inevitably, it has to carry a freight of social commitment, the old ballet-hoo, but it also goes Balanchine, showing us from overhead patterns of near-nude caperers. That shock absorbed, we should further reckon with its intermittent pursuit of a boy-dancer and his pain. The damnable business of dance, the criminal stretching and agony of it all to make us a gala night, is more than well displayed. It is like a flaying. An eerie, compelling, eye-opening surprise. Keep those lids firmly shut for *Death Trap,* which is sick. Tobe Hooper bought himself a little amount of attention with a mug's chunk of *guignol* called *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*: this time round, it is a crocodile and an idiot stale from *Psycho* and . . . lazy.

Anthony Thwaite

After High Table

Hockley is turning Papist, so they say:
His set is stiff with incense, and he bobs
Most roguishly in chapel. More and more
The Whore of Babylon extends her sway.
Branston is fiddling with his 'little jobs'.
Copying the Bursar's buttery accounts
Into a pocket book he locks away.
In Combination Room each night, the floor
Is held by Foxton, face flushed like a plum
About to drop – and we have seen him drop
Drunk as a carter in the smouldering grate.
They are all here, my *Corpus Asinorum*,
Donkeys in orders, stuffed in jowl and crop.
One day it will be said 'He did the state
Some service,' when they read my book of fools.

The Master's slack. He does not know the rules.
He is – can't be denied – a natural curate
And would be better suited to the cure
Of souls in Wiltshire, ministering to pigs.
I've seen old Figgins watch him like a ferret,
For Figgins was passed over, and for sure
Preferment went because Enthusiasts
Clamoured for someone without Roman views.
But – pardon me – the Master strokes and frigs
His conscience like a trollop with an itch
Flat on her back and panting in the stews.
All pious mush dressed up as manliness,
Evangelistic canting, keen to bring
Trousers to niggers who don't wear a stitch.
A man's religion is his own. To sing
Barnstorming stanzas to the Lord's as poor
As Newman fluting eunuch fancyings,
His heavenly choir on earth. O that old Whore,
How devious she becomes!

This elm-smoke stings
My eyes at night, when I should be holed up
Snugly behind the bulwark of my oak.
Some more Marsala, or another cup
Of punch . . . What frowsty collared priest is this,
Another chum of Kingston's on the soak
Or snivelling gaitered surrogate from Bath?
Give me your arm – I needs must go and piss.

My colleagues all tread down the primrose path
That – who? – oh, Shakespeare then – put in a play.
I should be even now, I tell you, hard
Pent in my room and working at my book,
Theocritus, my text, my elegiac
Pagan . . .

How these chatterers swill and stay!
I'll take a turn with you around the yard,
The farther quad where dotards never look,
Or if they do, then always back and back
To the dark backward and abysm of time . . .
But then we all are backward-lookers here,
If you would understand me: relicts, men
Who hear the echo when we hear the chime,
As Great Tom stuns the silence. In my ear
I sense the falter of the tolling bell,
I hear it boom again, again, again,
Fetching me back and back, not boding well,
And the full moon hangs high across St Ebbe's . . .

Where was I? Morbid, maybe, at this hour
When Master, Bursar, Chaplain, Dean and all
Waddle like corpulent spiders in their webs
To winding staircases and narrow beds,
To livings without life, posts without power,
A benefice without a benefit.
I have you all marked down . . .

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Weekend Competition

No 2563 Set by Wayne Sidesaddle

A different sort of updating competition: more a question of side-dating. Render any well-known 20th-century poem (state which) into *either* pidgin English *or* rhyming slang. Maximum 16 lines; by 18 May.

Result of No 2560 Set by Kirk Secker

We asked for epitaphs about members of the professions.

Report by Dan Drough, B.Sc.

Quite a lot of flak about this comp, most of it coming from Joyce Johnson, who pointed out that we set exactly the same comp two years ago. So what else is new? Listen, Joyce, the Complex records are 200 per cent computerised: at the mere flick of Little Keith's little finger (and *that*, I can assure you, is no more than *so* big), the last few hundred comps are automatically flashed on to a wall-sized screen. So don't get heavy with *us*: we were just giving you an easy time for once. And you responded, as we knew you would, with an enthusiastic and talented entry. Near misses for one of our youngest entrants, Jill McGivering, and also for the Vicar of Haselbury Plucknett (shame on you, Vic – what will the wife think?). Prizes? Well, we hope you won't think it a, er, RIP-off if we limit you to two quid a shot; and, just in case she's feeling miffy, a Room to Joyce Johnson for actually keeping two years' back issues of the Staggers.

A Bullying Barrister
Crowd hither, battered witnesses in flocks!
Get your own back! Sir John is in the box.

A Secret Agent
Rest here, Alexei, till the trumpet sound:
For the last time you have gone underground.
PETER PETERSON

An Architect
To dust he's crumbled; such is earthly fame;
Pray that his tower-blocks soon do the same.

A Left-Wing Politician
At last I can announce, without disgrace,
I've been translated to Another Place.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

A Horticulturist
His life was passed intent on fruitful toil;
He lies content, enriching still the soil.
TOM BREWER

A Cosmetic Surgeon
Hic jacet Dr Spink (whose scalpel skidded)
Beside his patient, and as heavy-lidded.

A Midwife
Here lies Nurse O'Shaye who delivered her neighbours
For 40-odd years and now rests from their labours.
J. C. M. HEPPLE

An Astrophysicist
The Black Hole that he ultimately found
Was not, alas, in Space but in the ground.
V. F. CORLEONE

A Chiropodist
Here lieth chiropodist, Cecil Blow,
Now working on six feet below.
VICTORIA PLUMB

An Advertising Executive
Ad-man, Rodney Brewster, waits for grace;
Until the Day of Judgment – WATCH
THIS SPACE.
E. O. PARROTT

A Fashion Model
She died because she frequently
Refrained from having dinner;
She's now learnt how to gain a stone
And steadily gets thinner.
PETER ALEXANDER

A Cruft's Regular
Dog-fancier Mrs McNairn
Lies under this cairn.
GERRY HAMILL

Tony Miles

Chess

No 130 The Louis D. Statham Tournament

The ninth annual Louis D. Statham masters' tournament at Lone Pine, California with its $15,000 first prize attracted 73 entries from all over the world. The pre-tournament favourite was Viktor Korchnoy (the Russians, incidentally, upon hearing of his participation boycotted the event) and he took the early lead with 3½/4. However, his determination to win every game cost him dear as he suffered consecutive losses to Liberzon and Lombardy and finished out of the prizes.

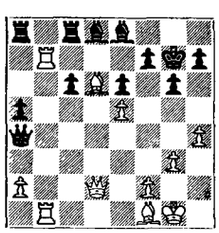
With Korchnoy out of the way no-one managed to dominate the event, and with one round to play Hort (Czechoslovakia), Liberzon (Israel) and Gligorič held Larsen, and Gheorgiu (Rumania) beat Tarjan (USA) to leave a four-way tie for first.

I suffered from the same disease as Korchnoy and, in trying too hard to win, also suffered two losses. My only really presentable game came in the last round.

White: A J Miles Black: M Petursson
1.P-KN3, N-KB3; 2.B-N2, P-Q4; 3.N-KB3, B-B4; 4.0-0, P-B3; 5.P-Q3, P-K3; 6.QN-Q2, P-KR3; 7.Q-K1, B-K2; 8.P-K4, B-R2; 9.Q-K2, 0-0; 10.P-N3, P-QR4; 11.P-QR4, N-R3; 12.B-N2, N-B4? Black wants to force P-K5 and then counterattack with . . . P-QN4, but it's too slow. 12 . . . N-QN5 was better. **13.P-K5, N(B3)-Q2; 14.N-Q4!** The key move, holding up . . . P-QN4 and simultaneously preparing P-KB4-B5. **14. . . . Q-B2; 15.P-B4, QR-N1; 16.QR-K1, R-K1; 17.P-B5, PxP; 18.NxKBP, N-K3; 19.Q-N4, BxN; 20.RxB.** Preparing to pile up on the KB file. **20. . . . B-N5; 21.P-B3, B-B1; 22.P-Q4!** Intending both R(1)-KB1 and P-B4. **22. . . . P-QN4; 23.PxP, RxP; 24.R(1)-KB1, N-Q1.** If . . . R-K2; 25.B-R3 wins. **25.B-B1, N-N3; 26.P-B4, PxP; 27.PxP, R-N5; 28.N-K4 Resigns.** On . . . K-R1; 29.BxP! PxB; 30.N-B6 mates quickly.

Problem 130

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 9 May.

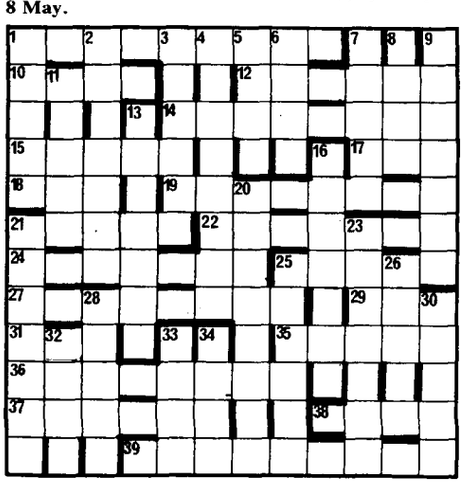


Solution to Problem 128

1 . . . N-B7; 2.BxN, R-B8ch; 3.NxR (Else QxQ) QxP mate.

Salamanca 17:
'The Lady in Question'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 17, New Statesman, Great Turnstile WC1V 7HJ, by first post 8 May.



Every answer (but for 3, which is in OED) is in Chambers 1977 Edition. The twelve unclued answers are connected with the title. Their unchecked letters – GEE, PAGE IS EGOTIST.

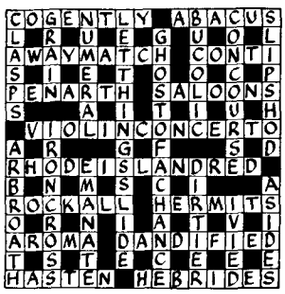
ACROSS

10 Spenser's desire, to bring to one this? (4)
14 Fellow with sauce hitting the mark to a nicety about name might be so? (8)
15 Jap Statesmen having letter for one in banking (5)
17 Bird, say, getting beetle (3)
18 No Scots sound like horses? (3)
19 Ear instrument adding nothing to range? (8)
22 Princess – immature one (7)
24 Cover for Nautilus? Company life difficult at the bottom? (7)
27 Naval oil refined for tanners to use (8)
29 Some hero capturing elephant-thief (3)
31 A fish, most thought (3)
35 One at centre of network blooming in water (5)
36 All in casual dress? They'll stop the cases? (8)
38 Drag once sulphur's caught weed? (4)

DOWN

2 Spiders? A princess holds one (7)
3 What seas do to mountain? Ill-conditioned one changes to spectacles? (6)
5 Some railings rising up the flanks (4)
6 Palm and drink are required here (4)
7 Unfortunate creature, perhaps, soft and miserable about love? (5)
8 This fabric may have originated in France? The French don't agree (4)
11 Old one arrives – see approach (5)
13 Fungus having frill under tapered top (7)
16 'It's only a scratch'? Perhaps, but how does it look? (7)
23 Old towers, hard Ugrian sort, found about (7)
25 Decorative work on tiaras? (6)
26 Language of drunkard showing moderation? (5)
28 Tarries in former times in tangled glens (5)
32 Extinguish (what's twice extinguished?) (4)
33 It's cold for Fiona going topless in Reekie! (4)
34 Depend upon acceptable place (4)

Solution to No 1299



Prizewinners to No 1299

Don Berry (Beckenham)
J. Richardson (Newfoundland)
Phyllis Dever (Oxford)

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APPOINTMENTS

British Association of Occupational Therapists

Industrial Relations Adviser

£6,200

required for a new appointment in London for this recently formed and Certificated Independent Trade Union (non-affiliated). The Association comprises mainly of professionally qualified members, most of whom work in the NHS.

The post will present opportunities to advise our Council, Headquarters and members on: pay negotiations policy on Whitley Council; conditions of service; and to advise on all aspects of developing our skills in Union affairs as it affects our members at work. As the Association develops its knowledge and experience as a Union, you will increasingly be responsible for recommending and implementing appropriate policies in organisation, communications and training.

Applicants should preferably be following a career in Trade Union activities, and have experience in such work with Professional Staff. Knowledge of the NHS or in medical/technical fields would be an advantage. Your salary will rise incrementally to £7,500 after five years.

Application forms and further details from: The Secretary, British Association of Occupational Therapists, 20 Rede Place, London W2 4TU. Tel. No.: 01-229 9738. Closing date 14 May.

WORLD DEVELOPMENT MOVEMENT
A fair deal for the world's poor

is seeking to appoint a

Director

to lead its campaign for a new international economic order and to share in its work of arousing and educating British public opinion on the needs of developing countries.

The person appointed will be a fluent writer and speaker with a deep concern for and understanding of development issues. Political judgement and ability to lead a small London-based staff are also necessary.

Salary will be from £5,500 to £6,500 inclusive of London weighting.

Full details from: **The World Development Movement, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA. Telephone 01-836 3672.**

SCHOOLS COUNCIL PUBLICATIONS

Applications are invited for a vacancy at Senior Project Editor level, primarily to advise and help Curriculum Development Projects, and to work with them and their publishers.

Editorial and other specialist experience in educational publishing is essential.

Salary £5,366 on scale £5,366-£6,242 (under review). Scale includes London Weighting at all points.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from Mrs M. Tew, Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel.: 01-580 0352 Ext. 351.

Final date for the receipt of applications is 16 May 1979.

Re-advertisement

Following a promotion ASTMS now require a

Divisional Officer

to operate from our Manchester office.

Salary commences at £7,546 p.a. rising to £7,996 after three years.

Only applicants with specialist collective bargaining experience need apply.

Further details of position and application form may be obtained from: **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

The closing date for completed application forms is Friday **11 May 1979.**

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

The Council of the College proposes to appoint a professor to fill the vacancy which will occur in the

HEADSHIP

of the

DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL STUDIES

on 1 September 1979. Salary will be at the University professorial level, the minimum of which rises to £10,540 p.a. on 1 October 1979.

Further details and application form can be obtained from the Registrar (GS), Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, London SW7 2EU.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

for

UK Committee for United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF)

UNICEF, awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1965, works with the governments of developing countries to help protect children from disease, malnutrition and other perils of their growing years and to prepare them for healthy, productive lives as adults. The UK Committee for UNICEF is the national voluntary agency operating in support of UNICEF.

The Assistant Director's principal duties will be to assist the Director in supervision and expansion of the Committee's regional organisation throughout the UK and in management tasks at Headquarters in London. London based but considerable travel in the United Kingdom. Experience desirable in administration, organisation, public speaking and fund-raising. Applicants should have sympathy for aid for mothers and children in developing countries and be able to inspire support in the UK for this work.

Closing date for completed applications is **30 May 1979.** For further details annd application forms write (no telephone inquiries please), enclosing 9" x 4" self-addressed envelope, to: **Director, UK Committee for UNICEF, 46-48 Osnaburgh Street, London NW1 3PU.**

THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

A CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP

financed by the Arts Council of Great Britain will be tenable at the College for the academic year 1979/80.

Applications are invited from novelists with an established reputation, prepared to reside in or near the College, and to make a contribution to the life of the College and the surrounding community. The Fellow would have a substantial amount of time to write on his or her own account, and would not normally be asked to undertake any formal teaching in College courses.

The Fellow's remuneration will be £6,000, plus superannuation, as well as fees for any special lectures given. Residence may be available under agreed arrangements in a flat or house on site.

Further details and the method of application are obtainable from the Principal's Secretary, The City of Liverpool College of Higher Education, Liverpool Road, Prescot, Merseyside L34 1NP. Tel: 051-489 6201.

Applications should be submitted by 21 May 1979.

West Sussex Institute of Higher Education

Bishop Otter College, Chichester

Bognor Regis College

Arts Council Creative Writing Fellowship

This appointment provides an opportunity for a novelist or poet to work in a creative atmosphere within the Institute. The writer (male/female) will be expected to make a contribution to the Institute and the West Sussex community.

Accommodation for the writer and possibly family will be available in addition to study facilities.

The appointment will be for one year commencing 1 September 1979. The remuneration will be £6,000.

Further particulars may be obtained from The Director, The West Sussex Institute of Higher Education, The Dome, Upper Bognor Road, Bognor Regis, West Sussex, and applications should be returned by 8 May 1979.

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LWT

LONDON WEEKEND TELEVISION
FEATURES AND CURRENT AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

This Spring the Features and Current Affairs Department at London Weekend will be looking for people to fill researcher vacancies which will occur on some of its progammes in the late Summer and Autumn.

There will be vacancies:
on WEEKEND WORLD, our network current affairs programme which covers national and international affairs;
on THE LONDON PROGRAMME, which investigates stories and examines issues of concern to London;
on our new LONDON MINORITIES UNIT which will be making three strands of programmes about Blacks, Gays, and Young People;
on CREDO, the programme which looks in a journalistic way at the impact of religion on the world.

On each of these series our researchers have a high degree of responsibility for suggesting ideas for individual editions or items; and for the recording and assembling of the resulting programme. On some programmes the researcher acts too as a reporter. All researchers brought into the department are expected to have or to develop the capacity to work on a range of our series.

On past experience, successful candidates are likely to be graduates and to have had some experience of either regional or national journalism. But on rare occasions we have taken on candidates who have had no experience of journalism but who have demonstrated outstanding ability in another field, particularly in the study or formation of public policy e.g. research in a specialist institution or in the Civil Service.

If you would like to work with us, and you feel you have the necessary qualities and qualifications, please write enclosing a full curriculum vitae for *each* vacancy to: Mrs. Joan Pugh, Staff Officer, London Weekend Television, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, London, SE1 9LT.

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SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND

MALE FIELD DIRECTOR

DACCA — BANGLADESH

We are seeking an exceptional individual for the administration of well established Mother/Child Health projects in Bangladesh.

Challenging, demanding and stimulating, this appointment calls for University degree level or professional qualification such as economics, accountancy, appropriate technology or rural health. Responsible for control of accounts, liaison with Ministry Officials and overall control of local staff.

Initial contract of 18 months renewable. Salary plus board and lodgings, generous leave allowances.

Preferred age range 30-40 years.

Single applicants preferred.

Apply: **Overseas Personnel Officer, Save The Children Fund, 157 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PT.**

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

SW District (Cornwall/Devon)

Vacancy for

DISTRICT SECRETARY

(Chief Exec. Officer)

to start **1 November 1979**

Vacancy will arise following retirement of Arthur Maddison at end of 1979. Candidates should have *sound administrative ability, knowledge* of adult education, and role of voluntaryism.

Full job description and details: **WEA, Martin's Gate School, Bretonside, Plymouth, Devon PL4 0AT.**

Last date for receipt of applications 18 May 1979.

MAGAZINE TECHNICAL EDITOR

Technical Editor needed for new monthly (London-based) computer magazine — previous publishing experience a help, though not essential. Applicants should have a thorough and wide ranging knowledge of present day computer technology and its applications. Salary is negotiable.

Also, freelance writers required for *the same project.*

Write to **Bruce Sawford, 14 Rathbone Place, London W1P 1DE or telephone 01-637 7991.**

COMMUNITY TRANSPORT

urgently require

FULL-TIME VOLUNTEERS

to staff 6 established projects in North and Midlands providing alter*native transport services supplying* furniture for those in need, and transport for other groups, especially the elderly and young handicapped. Drivers preferred. Pocket money, full board in communal house and travel expenses. Good atmosphere.

Contact: **John Taylor, Community Transport, 31 Poland Street, Manchester M4 6AZ. Tel: 061-205 1473.**

ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY

National charity requires capable person to run small busy office. Good all round skills required. Some secretarial help provided. Salary on scale AP1/2 £2,910-£3,708. Ring 01-930 4255 for further details.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

LA TROBE UNIVERSITY

Melbourne, Australia

LECTURER CINEMA STUDIES

Three fixed term appointments of up to 3 years duration at lecturer level will be made for the commencement of the 1980 Academic Year (commencing March). All undergraduate and graduate levels are taught in the discipline. Appli*cants should have a higher degree* in film studies and teaching experience in the discipline.

Salary: $A15,786-$20,737.

Further information and application forms are available from the Association of Commonwealth *Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon* Square, London WC1H 0PF. Applications close on 1 June 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

ARTS COUNCIL FELLOWSHIP IN CREATIVE WRITING

Applications are invited for the above post tenable for the academic year 1979/80, in the *Department of English and Com*parative Literary Studies. Applicants should be practising writers in the field of either the novel or poetry, who would welcome the opportunity to continue their work in the University environment and at the same time give some help to writers in the Department. The post, which will commence in October, 1979, will carry a remuneration of £6,000 p.a. and is superannuable. Free accommodation will be provided on the University campus. Further particulars and application forms from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, quoting Ref. No: 36/A/79. Closing date for receipt of *applications is 8 June* 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

Public Sector Economics Research Centre

INNER CITY AREAS RESEARCH

VACANCY FOR TEMPORARY RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant (Range IB) to work on a project on THE FISCAL PROBLEMS OF CENTRAL CITIES IN THE UK, which is being funded by the Department of the Environment as part of the Inner Cities Research Programme. The research will be based in Leicester University but the job will involve some travelling to various cities in the UK and will be carried out in *conjunction with a similar project* based at Glasgow University.

Applicants must have a good honours degree in Economics and those with a specialism in Urban Economics, Public Policy, Regional *Planning or Economic Geography* will be preferred. Applicants whose background is in the other social sciences are also encouraged to apply provided that they have sufficient knowledge of Economics. A knowledge of statistical/quantitative techniques is essential.

The appointment will be for 2 years from 1 August 1979 (or as soon as possible thereafter). The salary will be on the Research Assistant (Range IB) scale (£3,384-*£3,883 (under review) plus super*annuation). Opportunities exist for candidates to enrol for a Ph.D.

Further particulars (quoting DOE 79/2) are available from Prof. P. M. Jackson, Director, Public Sector Economics Research Centre, University of Leicester, Leicester LE1 7RH, to whom applicants should send a copy of their curriculum vitae plus the names of three referees, by 25 May 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

FOUNDATION CHAIR IN LAW

Applications are invited from candidates with interests in any of the principal branches of law for the foundation Chair in Law for appointment from 1 October 1979 or as soon as possible thereafter. The University Grants Committee *has recently given approval for the* establishment of a new Law School in the University and it is hoped that teaching may start in October 1980. The first professor will be expected to establish a School of Law which will offer a law degree (LLB) which will be accepted by the professional bodies as giving exemption from professional examinations. It is intended that the School of Law will combine a strong professional orientation with links between law studies and other disciplines and depart*ments in the University, particu*larly in the Social Sciences.

Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar (C/3), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, and applications (12 copies) should *reach him, together with a curri*culum vitae and the names and addresses of three referees by 21 May 1979.

SECTIONAL EDUCATION OFFICER

— SCOTTISH SECTION

CO-OPERATIVE UNION LTD

Based in Glasgow this officer is responsible for assistance to societies in a wide range of activity in adult and member education, youth work and staff training. The work involves service to committees and liaison with voluntary and statutory bodies and necessitates considerable travel in Scotland. *This is* essentially a post for someone with initiative and willingness to accept responsibility.

Salary scale from £4,600-£5,520 (bar) — £6,900 according to experience and qualifications.

Further details and application form from: The Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, LE12 5QR.

Closing Date: 9 May 1979.

WOODBERRY DOWN SCHOOL

(SM) (roll 1,300 comprehensive) Woodberry Grove, N4 2SH (Headmaster)

Required as soon as possible, specialist remedial teacher of basic subjects in withdrawal classes. One term only with the possibility of permanent employment.

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UKIAS REFUGEE UNIT requires Secretary/Interviewer with good secretarial skills and interest in dealing with individual refugees from over 40 countries. (Salary £3,714). Further details from Carmen Vernon, Refugee Unit, UKIAS, 7th Floor, Brettenham House, Savoy Street, London WC2.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M & S Staff Agency, 45 South Molton St, W1. 629 6821.

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JOB WANTED by man who was once praised by Arthur Miller for something he wrote in 'The Bedside Guardian'. That was 18 years ago, before he abandoned the soft life of the essayist for hard labour journalism, public relations, industrial relations and educational publishing. Perhaps he took the wrong turning somewhere. Any opening for soft essayist, hard labour journalist, public . . . etc? Mark Gapper, 59 Mortlake Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey.

Scholarship

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

INSTITUTE OF LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES

THE FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA SCHOLARSHIP

The Government of Venezuela has endowed in the Institute the Francisco de Miranda Scholarship, for research on Venezuela. The area of study will fall within the general research interests of the Institute, namely, in the field of social sciences, history or literature. The Scholarship provides for field research in Venezuela, when the scholar will be attached to a University or Research Institute in Venezuela.

All inquiries and applications concerning the *Francisco de Miranda* Scholarship should be made to: Mr Peter Flynn, Director, Institute of Latin American Studies, University of Glasgow, Glasgow G12 8QH. Closing date: 25 May 1979.

In reply please quote Ref. No. 4437V.

Publications

POETRY WALES contains in its current number (Spring 1979) a main feature on R. S. Thomas' later poetry. Articles by Anthony Conran, Brian Morris, H. D. Lewis, Andrew Waterman. Six new poems by the poet. 75p plus postage from Christopher Davies Ltd, 52 Mansel St, Swansea SA1 5EL.

THE REAL ISSUE in this election is capitalism or socialism. We stand for a revolutionary change in society. Send for a free copy of an Election Special and a sample copy of the 'Socialist Standard' from 'The Socialist Party of Great Britain', 52 Clapham High Street, London SW4.

THE RED FLAG: Illustrated Poster (24" x 18") of Socialism's Song (five verses). £1 from Glossoprint (NS), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED by New Horizon. Details: Dept. NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis, West Sussex.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

LONDON'S *largest secondhand bookshop.* Always visit World of Books at 30 Sackville Street, W1. Open Saturdays too.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

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Courses

Continued from page 620

PELLIN LONDON-BRISTOL DIPLOMA COURSE

with Peter Fleming
founder and co-director of Pellin Institute

A one-year professional Training in the counselling and therapeutic methods of Gestalt Therapy and Contribution Training. This Course is designed for Counsellors, Social-Workers, Teachers, Psychiatrists and allied professions.

The Course will consist of three 11-week terms, one 5-hour session a week, other individually designed consultation/supervision time and a period of residential training at Pellin Institute Montecorice, (SA.) Italy, (optional).

FEE: £90 per term or £250 the year.

For registration and further information on this Course and other Pellin programmes in England, America and Italy, write **Pellin Centre London, 58a Kenilworth Avenue, London SW19, phone (01) 946-1430.** After 1 May Pellin Centre London moves to 43 Killyon Road, SW8, phone (01) 622-0148.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

M PHIL. IN COMPARATIVE COMMUNIST STUDIES

The Faculty of Social Sciences invites applications for entry to this new two-year interdisciplinary higher degree. Candidates are required to take four examined courses and write a dissertation. The courses must include either the Political Economy of Marxism or the Political Philosophy of Marxism; either the History of International Communism or Comparative Communist Systems and the study of a selected country (Latin America, Soviet Union, Eastern Europe). The degree is intended to provide a detailed analysis of comparative Communist ideas, movements and countries. Language instruction is provided. For further particulars apply to The Administrative Assistant, Faculty of Social Sciences, Adam Smith Building, University of Glasgow, Glasgow G12 8RT.

In reply please quote Ref. No. 4435V.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523. NW London.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Accom. Vacant

W14. Single room, B/B. £14 per week. Phone 01-602 4575.

BEDSITTER near Primrose Hill. Longish let pref. £60 per mth. Refs reqd. Box 4963.

CLAPHAM. S/c. furn. flat, 8 mins Common tube. 2 recep., k. & b., £25 p.w. 3 mths let. 01-262 9388 evenings.

GARDEN FLAT, s/c., 2 rooms, k. & b., c.h., c.h.w. Hampstead near Heath. Max. approx 6 months. Box 4811.

Accom. Wanted

SERIOUS but friendly researcher, 23, seeks s/c. flat/studio at top of your house in central/west London. Box 4968.

SMALL ROOM in Barnesbury/Caledonian Rd area wanted by academic for summer term. Box 4921.

POSTGRADUATE & 1st Degree students still require rooms, flats, houses. Ring London University 01-405 7686 extn 468 (10.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.).

AMERICAN LAWYER and wife doing research in London desire two or three bedroom flat or house during July and/or August. No minor children. Location is not critical but proximity to bus and tube is. Appropriate rental will be paid for adequate accomm. Please reply Box No 4886.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275/9.

Property

DETACHED COUNTRY HOUSE in rural position easy reach Canterbury, Sandwich, Ramsgate, Deal, Dover. 2 bedrooms, 2 dining/reception rooms, kitchen, bathroom/WC, sun-lounge. Scope for enlargement. Electric light, main drainage, oil-fired c/h. Garage with workshop. ½ acre gardens, caravan optional. £28,000. Box 4958.

Personal

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416. This announcement today appears for the last time after some twenty-two hundred appearances in the NS; but Mr Humphreys does not say 'Farewell' because, though less active than formerly, he can still be telephoned at Richmond in cases of need.

I AM CURRENTLY RESEARCHING a book on the portrayal of mentally handicapped people in literature (the novel, poetry and drama) through the ages. I shall be grateful to hear from anyone who can draw my attention to any references, however short. Please reply to Chris Heginbotham, Camden Society for the Mentally Handicapped, 245 Royal College Street, London NW1.

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 97 No. 2510
27 April 1979

Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ

Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 936 6404. Info 836 5332. 'The Taming of The Shrew' and 'Love's Labour's Lost'. See daily press for dates and times. Also bkg new production Bulgakov's 'The White Guard'. RSC also at The Warehouse. 'The Merchant of Venice' (sold out).

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. John Byrne's 'Normal Service'. 'A complete success, very funny & very human' F.T. 'A gem of a play' E. News. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 5 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. Due to unofficial strike action performances may be disrupted. For dates & times see daily press or 'phone 01-928 2252.

ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. Prevs 8 p.m. Opens 3 May 7 p.m. subs eves 8 p.m. Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman.

TORCH THEATRE, Milford Haven 5267. 'Bedroom Farce' 28 Aug.-1 Sept. These are additional perfs to those mentioned in the Festival Feature on page 603.

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1. 'Much Ado About Nothing', 27-28 April, 1-5, 8-12 May at 7.30. Booking: 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues.-Sats. 2.15-8).

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Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower Street, WC1E 6BT). Free Public Lectures, Summer Term 1979. Mons and Wed 9, 14, 21 May at 5.30. Barlow Lectures on Dante by Professor Philip McNair. 'Phoenix into Pelican. Three Studies in the Syncretism of Dante's Commedia'. Thurs. 10 May at 5.30. Seton Memorial Lecture by Professor C. N. L. Brooke. 'The Early Franciscans and Building'. Complete list of public lectures from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. (Stamped envelope required).

ICA EVENTS, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. 1 May 7.30 p.m. Claude Curling on 'Physics and Consciousness'. 2 May 1 p.m. John Berger with Dr Theodore Shanin on Berger's new short stories 'Pig Earth'. 3 May 7.30 p.m. Lama Chime Rinpoche on 'The Tibetan Approach to Mind'. 4 May 7.30 p.m. John Berger, Eric Hobsbawm, Raymond Williams discuss 'Peasantry Today'. 75p. 930 6393.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 29 April 8 p.m. *Open Question/Answer Meeting*. All welc. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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